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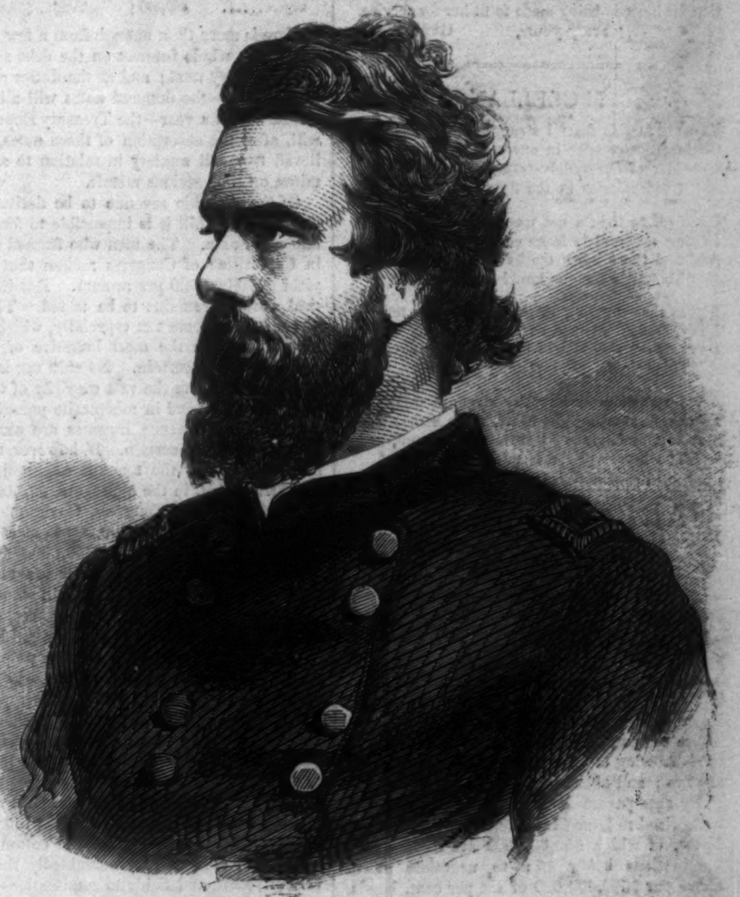
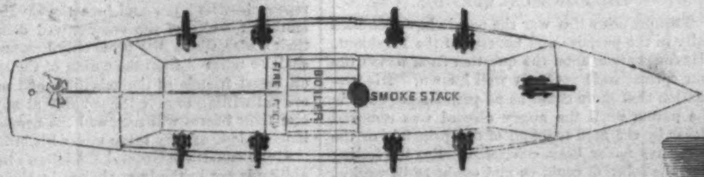
BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.—[See Page 471.]



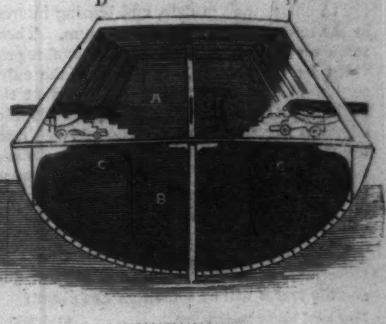
BRIGADIER-GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.—[See Page 471.]

FRONT VIEW

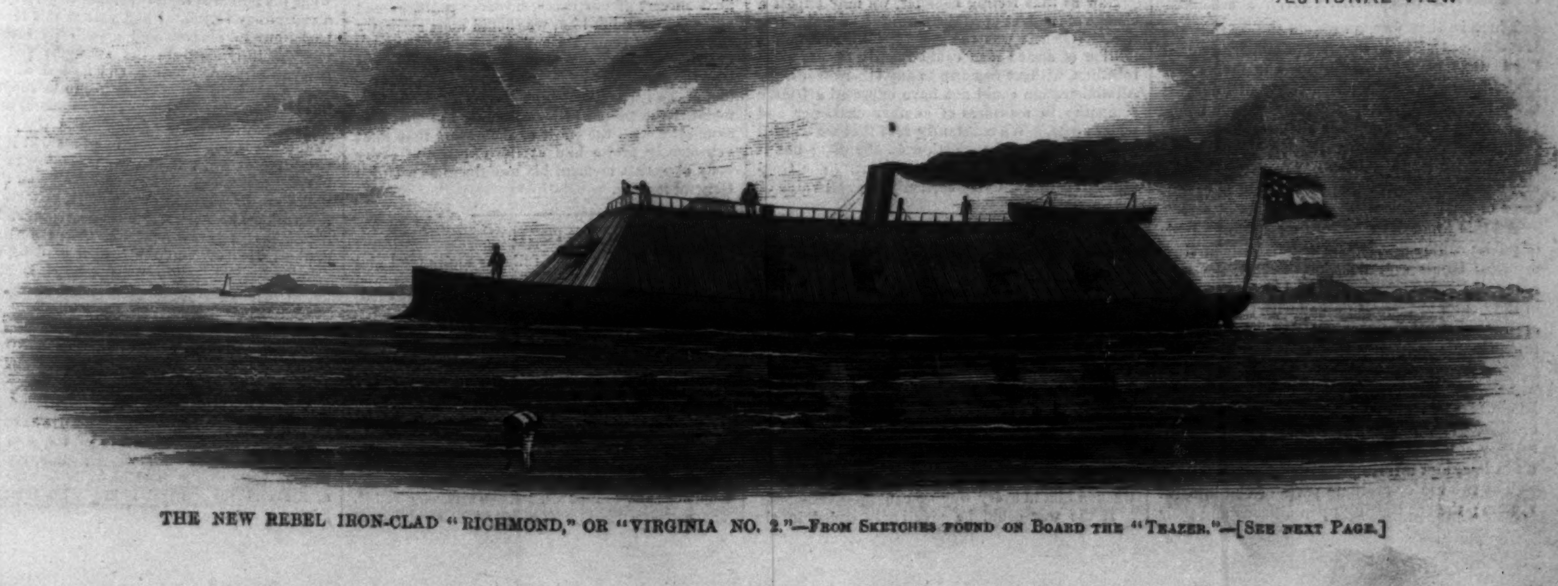


GROUND PLAN

A, Gun-deck.—B, Hold.—C, C, Braces.—D, D, Hand-rails.



SECTIONAL VIEW



THE NEW REBEL IRON-CLAD "RICHMOND," OR "VIRGINIA NO. 2."—From Sketches found on Board the "Teazer."—[See next Page.]

THE "VIRGINIA" No. 2.

On page 465 we publish a picture and diagrams of the *Richmond*, or *Virginia* No. 2, the new iron-clad gun-boat which the rebels are building at Richmond, Virginia. We may mention here that we published diagrams of the *Merrimac* some three months before her famous raid of March 9, which, had they been attended to, would have saved the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*. Our artist writes:

"Off Harrison's Landing, *July 12, 1862.*

"I send you some sketches of a new rebel ram, the plans of which were found on board of the rebel gun-boat *Teazer*, captured a few days since by the *Maratanzas*. The specifications for this vessel also accompanied the drawings, but it was beyond my power to obtain them. We are expecting to see this monster (she is considerably smaller than the *Merrimac*) soon, but our officers predict for her a speedy rout or capture.

"Although we are not overanxious to see her, we will do by her as the *Mississippi* did by the *Manassas*. I am sorry that I am not able to give you a detailed description of the vessel; possibly ere this some of the indefatigable newspaper reporters have obtained full particulars of her size, etc. She is now lying at Richmond, and I learn that all haste is being made to fit her for service.

"Truly yours, Gun-boat.'

M'CLELLAN.

Friend, in this fearful struggle for the Right,
Oh brother wrestler in our common cause!
Upholder of our rudely-trampled laws,
Good warrior in the fight!

I stretch to thee a not unworthy hand,
In that my soul is large enough to know
And feel the mighty truths that nerve thee so
To battle for our land!

I give thee greeting through my rising tears,
I say, God-speed thee on thy venturous way!
I say, if we should win this desperate day,
Through the thick-coming years

A voice shall utter how thy strength went forth
To nerve thine upright heart, thine honest hand,
Sturdiest among the brothers of our band,
The heroes of the North!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 26, 1862.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Congress may have adjourned before this paper is published, after one of the most important sessions in the history of the nation. Its crowning work has been its fiscal measures. These consist, in brief, of the laws authorizing the borrowing of money in various forms; of the tax law; and of the new tariff.

By acts passed at this session Mr. Chase is authorized to issue $150,000,000 more Treasury Notes, of which $50,000,000 are to be of denominations below $5; to negotiate at or above par $500,000,000 of six per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after five years, and absolutely redeemable at the expiration of twenty years; to receive temporary deposits to the extent of $100,000,000 at four per cent. per annum; finally, to issue to all creditors certificates of indebtedness maturing in one year from date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. These resources are in addition to those heretofore provided by Congress. Acts passed at the extra session in July and August, 1861, and at the beginning of the present session, enabled Mr. Chase to negotiate $100,000,000 of $7\frac{3}{10}$ Treasury Notes, $44,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds maturing in 1881, $58,000,000 of demand notes, $90,000,000 of legal tender notes, and an uncertain amount of two-year six per cent. notes. These resources are now exhausted. If Congress should adjourn, the ways and means of Government for the prosecution of the war during the recess will be somewhat as follows:

New legal tender notes	$150,000,000
Six per cent. bonds, at or above par, nearly	500,000,000
Balance receivable on deposit, about	45,000,000
Certificates of indebtedness	unlimited.

There is, therefore, no reason to fear that the Government will run any risk of embarrassment from want of money. If fortune favors our arms, holders of national currency will convert their money into six per cent. five year bonds fast enough to supply all the wants of Government. If we meet with reverses the new legal tender notes will suffice to pay our army and navy, and contractors can be paid in certificates of indebtedness.

All this financial structure rests upon a basis of public confidence. The negotiability of Government bonds and debt certificates, the currency of legal tender notes, and the willingness of the public to deposit money with Government at low rates of interest, all depend upon the maintenance of the public credit, and upon a general belief that the United States can and will pay the interest and principal of their debt. In order to insure the maintenance of public credit and public confidence in the financial solidity of the Government, Congress has passed a tax law, and a tariff.

The two are co-ordinate parts of one integral system; the one bearing upon citizens and their labor and their property, the other bearing upon foreigners and the articles they send here for sale.

It is impossible to analyze either within the limits of a single article. It may be said, however, comprehensively, that the Tax law levies a duty of 3 per cent. on the products of all kinds of labor in this country, and on the net profits of every description of business; while the tariff adds about 5 per cent. to the previously established duty on all products of foreign labor and industry. As the tariff to which this addition is made was considered so high as to insure a large reduction of our import trade, it may be presumed that the new tariff will reduce the number of articles imported to those only which can not be produced here. It will still, however, yield a handsome revenue. The following is a rough estimate of the amount which will probably be received for duties upon articles which are sure to be imported:

Coffee	$13,200,000	Champagne	$500,000
Tea	5,600,000	Hides	1,300,000
Sugar	26,100,000	Lead	960,000
Wool	200,000	Tin	1,300,000
Silk goods	7,000,000		
Cigars	600,000	Total	$56,820,000

Here is more than enough from a few articles to pay the whole interest on the debt as it will be in January next; and as the duties are payable in gold—the demand notes will all be absorbed within a year—the Treasury Department will, after the absorption of these notes, be relieved from all anxiety in relation to any premium on the precious metals.

Of the probable revenue to be derived from the direct tax bill it is impossible to form a reliable estimate. The men who framed the bill in Committee of Congress reckon that it will yield $110,000,000 per annum. But its practical working remains to be tested. The product of the income tax especially, which is expected to prove the most lucrative of all the taxes, is very uncertain. No such tax is suited to a country where the vast majority of the tax-payers are engaged in mercantile pursuits, and where, in consequence, incomes are extremely fluctuating and uncertain. If, however, the Tax law should yield the amount expected, while the tariff yields, in the aggregate, $75,000,000, as is expected by Congress, Government will have a revenue of $185,000,000 to meet an expenditure of something like $350,000,000. Under these circumstances Mr. Chase's task will be easy, and Government credit will stand high.

We have said nothing about confiscation as a financial resource. The law just passed by Congress absolutely confiscates all the property of rebels. Should this bill be rigorously carried out, Government would obtain, by stripping the traitors, means enough to defray almost the whole cost of the war. Persons lately from Memphis and New Orleans report, for instance, that there are in the South at present not less than 5,000,000 bales of cotton. At present prices this would be worth about $160 a bale. If prices fall fifty per cent. the cotton at the South—all of which is undoubtedly the property of rebels, and liable to confiscation—would still be worth the enormous sum of $400,000,000: to say nothing of sugar, tobacco, and other produce.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION.

Throughout this war the people have confided fully in the purpose and honesty of the President. His convictions upon the question from which the war sprung were perfectly well known. His persuasion that there could be no permanent peace in the nation until the angry discord was removed either by the final triumph of one principle or the other has never been concealed. But his feeling that the solution could be and ought to be worked out under the peaceful operation of our system was equally understood. Fully aware that his conviction was not shared by a very large part of the loyal defenders of the Union, he has pursued a course, in respect to the essential question, which has been moderate and wise. He has represented the average feeling of the people.

Now as that feeling changes, we may expect a change of conduct upon the part of the Administration. When it was the general faith that half a million of armed men could readily suppress the rebellion, without recourse to any other means, the Administration could not have expected a hearty sympathy in measures of another character and wider scope. We constantly said that we wanted to put down the insurrection at any cost; but it was evident that we did not mean it. The Government estimated very correctly the real value of that assertion.

We said "at any cost," because we did not think the price was to be very high. But as events develop we begin to weigh our words more accurately, and to see that "at any cost" means a great deal. And we are not afraid that it should. So far as we may rely upon significant signs, the people that a year ago supposed the war was to end soon and leave things pretty much as they were, are now clearly convinced that the war can end only after a very radical derangement of things as they were. If the war is to be ended at all, except by the surrender of the Government and the dissolution of the Union, it must be conducted upon the principles of war. We must weaken the enemy and strengthen ourselves. And we must weaken him in every way we can.

If the war could be practically ended in six months by the absolute victory of the Government, would it not be the best conceivable thing for the peace, prosperity, and perpetuity of the Union? And could not this be done if every loyal inhabitant of the country were summoned to its defense, in such a way and under such regulations as might be advisable? If there is any man who is unwilling to fight side by side with any other loyal man for the country and the Government, his loyalty is a conditional loyalty—that is, a modified treason. If such a man be the representative of the majority of citizens, the cause is not worth another life or another dollar. Robert Smalls, who brought the rebel steamer to Commodore Dupont, has shown himself just as worthy the confidence, regard, and co-operation of every loyal man in the land as President Lincoln, or General M'Clellan, or General Frémont. And if a man, however honestly, refuses to fight for a cause for which Robert Smalls is fighting, or digging, or steering, he shows a spirit which is not ready to save the country at any honorable cost.

But such men are not the representatives of a great class. The country is intelligently loved, and the country is in peril; consequently the people are readier every day for any and all measures which may speedily secure its safety. We can only ask of the Administration that it shall continue faithfully to represent the public sentiment. The executive action is the visible test to the country of its own resolution. Let the reflection be accurate. Let the nation see that its principle "at any cost" is the policy of the Government. Let it see that the ardent hearts, the strong hands, the cheerful tempers, the enduring frames of those who are perfectly willing to share and lighten the toil of war, are not cruelly and madly rejected. The stout hands that we do not use the rebels will. Can we afford to lose any chance to save our country?

MILITARY PARTISANSHIP.

It is a profound pity for the cause of the country and good government that the General who is now in front of the enemy at Richmond, the citadel of the rebellion at which the heavy blow must be struck, is the favorite General of all those in the country who secretly wish the success of the conspiracy, or whose loyalty is a lagging, insincere, mob-compelled patriotism. Mr. Fernando Wood, Mr. Vallandigham, and the newspapers which strenuously labor to defeat the restoration of the Union by proposing the conditions upon which it should be done, in the hope of dividing public sentiment, are all the most vehement and unscrupulous partisans of General M'Clellan. They endeavor to make it appear that the Government is opposed to him, in order to use his military popularity as a lever against the Administration and the war.

Two of these newspapers have lately published, under the form of letters from the camp, insinuations that the army would not submit to the removal of M'Clellan. Now when Frémont was removed in the West, these papers all hoped that he would try some kind of resistance. When he was at his request relieved in the Shenandoah they informed him, with a tremendous burst of patriotism, that no single man is of the least account in this war. Exactly. The interest of no single man, neither Frémont nor M'Clellan, nor any general or statesman whatever, is of the least importance in comparison with the cause. It is therefore essential that General M'Clellan should be kept free from this entanglement of sympathy from men who care nothing for him, and who would rather that the Union should be shivered into thirty-four parts than maintained upon condition of equal justice to every man.

It is essential, because at last the citizen-soldiers of this country, who are soberly earnest in their efforts to save it, who have been in the field for a year, and have seen the ghastly and enormous sacrifice of brave men for the cause, a thousand times repeated—who know and hate the savage and relentless ferocity of the enemy, will demand that their leader, whom they personally love and respect, shall be relieved from the odium of the support of all secret friends of the rebellion, and of all who are not willing to save the country at any cost, or else their hearts will flag, and the nerves in their hands relax, as they move under his orders.

Our own faith in General M'Clellan's loyalty and ability is not in the least shaken by the vociferous applause of men whose political principles are as inhuman as their patriotism is conditional. He has had the great good sense to hold his tongue and do the best he can. But the interests of no one man are of the least importance in this war. If for any reason whatever his presence in the Potomac army should seem to threaten the absolute and final success of our cause, however guiltless and able we may think him, we should most earnestly advocate his removal; and we can not conceive how his presence should become undesirable except through the persistent effort to make him the idol of the least earnest supporters of the war. The moment the people believe that he has the least sympathy with the spirit of the papers that most vehemently praise him at the expense of every body else, that moment his usefulness as a Union General is gone.

THE POSITION.

That it is necessary fully to understand and frankly to concede the ability and desperation and resources of the rebellion we have always insisted, because otherwise our contempt would prolong the war dangerously. But when all allowance has been made for that, there is another and quite opposite view: which is, that the insurrection is now as numerically strong as it ever can be.

By volunteering and conscription, by universal pride and terror, every available man at the South must be now in the field. If this had not been so, the army of Beauregard would not have melted away from Corinth. The rebels made their tremendous sally to rout M'Clellan's army and failed. The consequence is a deeper and more stringent resolution on the part of the people of the country to root out the rebellion. If we are graver, it is not because we are more doubtful, but only because we are more determined. Certainly we thought the job easier than it proves to be, but the difficulty does not in the least affect our intention to do it.

If it be necessary to draft men it will not be because men are not willing to volunteer, but because the draft settles the question that they are really wanted. There are thousands who are ready to go whenever they feel that it is necessary, and the draft will be the proof of the necessity. Moreover, there has been such an intermittent policy about enlistment—now calling men and now stopping recruiting, that uncertainty must be expected.

When, therefore, the rebels see that their rush from Richmond not only did not destroy our army, but has awakened a sterner purpose, they will hasten to deploy all their resources to the best probable advantage. At any moment we may hear of a stroke from them. The thing that promises most is the thing they will do. Richmond is a point of sentiment and pride, and in some degree of necessity, for them. But they will leave Richmond if they can effect a serious diversion and complication elsewhere. Their grand purpose has been, is, and will be, to prolong the war. Being fewer in numbers than we, their point is to employ those numbers most profitably; and there is nothing so profitable to them as a long war.

Our conduct, therefore, must be somewhat governed by theirs. We are to be prepared at every point where they may advantageously strike. Our forces are to be so distributed that they can be readily massed against the enemy; so ordered that they may readily pursue. We must gain all the knowledge that fugitives of every kind will impart—live upon the enemy's land—and turn every lawful weapon against him.

Obviously, as more men and means pour in upon our side, and the foe is at the end of his resources, the effect is that of throwing fresh and stalwart reserves in battle upon an exhausted enemy whose reserves are already engaged. Our duty is not to let him gain any advantage by superior conduct. In other words, we must not be out-generaled. For it is not numbers only, but the management of numbers that wins the victory.

One thing, however, is clear: and that is, that we are willing to learn from experience. If we do not yet know how to make war, we are perfectly willing to be taught.

CONCEALING UNPLEASANT NEWS.

In his late admirable speech in the Senate Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, hoped that the Administration would henceforth freely tell the truth of the situation to the people, not revealing, of course, any facts of military importance to the enemy; and there seems to be a quite general impression that the War Department tried to conceal the news of the recent operations upon the Peninsula.

The first public intimation of the battles was the dispatch from Mr. Fuller, of the Baltimore *American*, published on Monday morning of the eventful week. He had left the Peninsula on Saturday, in the midst of a series of complicated and tremendous operations. The telegraph wires were cut at White House. The battle continued for nearly a week, with varying fortune in different parts of the field. Messengers were leaving, correspondents were sending letters of every conceivable tone during all this time. The Government did not know, M'Clellan did not know, nor the army, nor the rebels, nor any body under the sun—nor *could* any body know—the result until Saturday morning, when the news was promptly published that M'Clellan was safely resting upon his new line.

During the week we had every kind of letter and report and surmise from the field of operations; and that the public knew substantially all that the Government knew there is no reason to doubt. Would it have been wise then—would it be wise now—to say exactly how many men and what artillery M'Clellan had at the beginning of the week, and how many he had lost? Ought the Government at any time to have claimed a victory or confessed a defeat? Was not the whole week confused and uncertain; and was not that exactly what we all knew?

When Mr. Fessenden says that the idea of not telling the country just what the state of things is and just what is required is a delusion and folly, he tells the simple truth; but he seems to imply that there has been some weak concealment of recent facts, which does not at all appear.

Unquestionably the Government ought to say, what the nation is rapidly coming to perceive, that a conspiracy so radical and vast as this rebellion, barbarous in purpose and mercilessly savage in method, intrenched in the strongest and worst passions of human nature, and flushed with more than a year's life in arms, is not to be suppressed but by the concentration of every resource and the utmost power of the nation. The Government ought to say to the people, of whose will it is the executive organ, "If you are unwilling to strike heavily where the foe is weakest—if you are unwilling to hurt him or his property, or disturb his institutions, however much they strengthen him—if you have any other purpose than the salvation of the nation even at the cost, if need be, of exterminating the rebels—the contest is already hopeless."

ANOTHER SPECTATOR.

To the list of the intelligent Englishmen who have spoken of our affairs ought to be added the name of Edward Dicey, who is the correspondent of the London *Spectator*, and who contributes notes of travel to *Macmillan's Magazine*. He has a quiet, sensible insight into the facts of the case which make his observations really valuable, especially in the Border States, in which he depicts the aspect of life and the general feeling with remarkable fidelity.

Speaking of the want of striking indications of Union feeling upon the border, he hits the nail in saying: "Men may grow convinced of the folly of secession—may even wish for the victory of the Union; but their hearts must be, after all, with the side for which their kinsmen and friends are fighting.....I am anxious not to convey the impression from my description that I believe in the Southern, or, rather, the Confederate doctrine, of an innate and unconquerable aversion between the Southern and the Northern States. When once the insurrection is suppressed and order is restored, I have little doubt the Southern States will acquiesce in what is inevitable. There is no difference in race, or language, or religion, to keep the two divisions of the Union apart. Whether the difference in domestic institutions may prove an insuperable cause of disunion, I can not say. If it should so prove, the North will suppress or remove this cause before it consents to the separation of North and South. But the time for that is not yet."

This paper was written just after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and when it was possible, or, as he says, "still on the cards," that Beauregard would defeat us at Corinth; but Mr. Dicey remarks: "It is easy enough for a spectator in the Northern States to see that the Confederates are fighting a losing fight, and that even a return of fortune to their arms would only somewhat prolong a now hopeless struggle."

This is interesting as the opinion of an intelligent and disinterested spectator at a time when the rebel prospects were much more flattering than they are now. English readers will gradually learn from such observers as Mr. Trollope and Mr. Dicey that a great nationality is not to be as easily extinguished as a tallow dip; and that millions of free, industrious, intelligent, and prosperous citizens do not mean to be politically annihilated without as desperate a resistance as coolness, intelligence, skill, and heroism know how to make.

ANTI-TAPLEY.

MR. MARK TAPLEY is not the best conceivable model either for nations or men. If a general wants to fight well, he must understand his position exactly; and if a nation would be equal to its situation, it must see what its precise situation is.

The object of the rebels is foreign recognition. They hope to hold out until Europe shall say to us, "Come! come! for fifteen months these people have maintained their independence. You have had an immense opportunity, your own time, your own preparations, the forbearance of the world, and you don't do the work. Hadn't you better make terms? At any rate we, for our parts, recognize them as a legitimate government." This is the hope of the rebellion, and if it is not fully and palpably suppressed, in a very short time this hope will be fulfilled.

Of course recognition is war. At the present moment the feeling between the countries is such, the Mexican complication is of so grave a character, the air is so electrical, that the explosion may certainly be regarded as imminent.

The arguments drawn from the want of advantage to be gained by foreign Powers, the comparison of naval force, and all the arguments of reason combined, do not count very heavily against the probability. War is not such a very reasonable and argumentative matter. The general aspects of the case are always sufficient. Nothing could be more elaborately unreasonable than our first contest with Great Britain; and to all the reasoning that could be urged against the success of foreign interference now, there would be one sufficient answer: Europe would say to us, "Haven't you your hands full enough now, and would the necessity of fighting us make you any stronger?"

Mr. Mark Tapley will probably call this a depressing view. But neither Mr. Tapley, as we said, nor the African ostrich are the best models for us at this moment. The more distinctly the Yankee sees all the circumstances of the situation, the cooler and braver he becomes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WEIGHING.—"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed." "Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask the question?" "Only to see, love, if you would let me have my *weigh* once."

We are told to have hope and trust; but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust?

A REQUEST.—"Good morn, Mister Grimes! I come over to see if you'd lend our dad your pickaxe, to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbor's cows, and then they won't come about any more, so we have to drink our coffee without cream or sugar."

The author of the following lines is destined to occupy a good position among our American poets. Who is he?

"O wunst I luved annuther gal
her name it was murrier,
but betsy deer my luv for u
is forty times more hier."

A country paper, speaking of the funeral of a suicide, says indignantly, "They buried the woman like a dog, with all her clothes on!"

"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to de prosperity ob de Souf?" "Key to de prosperity ob de Souf?—big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eatin' massa's dickshunary. Golly, I ain't larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chile, 'tis de dar-key."

The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a lady whose name was Stone:

"Curious enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone should now be clay;
Most curious still, to own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be dust."

A MILE OF CHILDREN.—There is a farmer in Berkshire who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and four girls. Eight furlongs always make a mile.

A PERFECT CURE.—An amorous swain, who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homeopathy. "Like cures like."

AN ADVANTAGE.—A boy and girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out, by way of a climax and a clencher, "Well, there is one thing that my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

Mrs. Partington says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

Theodore Hook met a friend just after leaving the King's Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. "Yes," replied Hook, "I was enlarged to-day."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

SHOPMAN (*thinking to have a joke upon the lady*). "You want a very long and a very stout pair, I presume."

LADY (*not appearing to see the point*). "I want them very stout, of course; and as for their length, a size smaller than your ears, I think, will just suit."

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes down comes the dust.

"It's all over with me!" as the pancake said when it was turned.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a *court*-house.

It is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot day; but getting under a shady tree is the best way of taking umbrage.

It is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plank to start in a storm.

"It's all over with us!" as the passenger said when the coach upset.

Every man knows best when he plays the knave; but his neighbors know best when he plays the fool.

"YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE."—A steamer burst her boiler a few years since, and a gentleman found, on reaching the ground, that an iron bar six feet long had gone in at his stomach and projected from his back. A surgeon informed him that if the bar remained it would cause mortification, and if it was removed it would cause him to bleed to death. "Science has its limits," remarked the doctor, "and you have your choice."

One of the neatest replies we ever heard of was that of a certain Earl Marshal, who, being found fault with by his Sovereign for some misarrangement of a coronation, said, "Please your Majesty, I will try and do better next time."

"That is the end of my tale," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull-frog.

"How is the market, neighbor?" "Very quiet." "Any thing doing in cheese?" "Not a mite."

An Irish auctioneer, puffing off a pair of jet ear-rings to a very respectable company of ladies, said that they were "just the sort of articles he himself would purchase for his wife were she a widow."

Muggins was passing down Fleet Street one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog, that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, and gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said,

"Here is another shipwreck."
"Shipwreck! where?"
"There's a bark that's lost forever."
His companion growled and they passed on.

A newly-married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new-married couple fall out so soon."

ANOTHER BULL.—"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is!"

The sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a blind man like a wig?
When he is curled (cur-led).

Why are young ladies' affections always doubtful?
Because they are only mis-givings.

Why is a mile-stone a very unsociable fellow?
Because you never see two together.

My whole is a noun of plural number,
Devoid of ease and peaceful slumber;
But add to it the letter S,
And, wondrous metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.
Cares—caress.

Keep me clean, and I am like every body; scratch me on the back, and I am like nobody?
A looking-glass.

Why are beggars like fishermen and shepherds?
Because they live by hook and by crook.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, July 8, in the Senate, the Confiscation bill, as returned from the House, was taken up. Senator Sherman moved that the Senate recede from its amendment and agree to the House bill. This was negatived—14 against 23. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, moved for a committee of conference on the disagreeing amendment, which was carried by a vote of 28 against 10. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, for receiving sums of money for procuring Government contracts was laid over, and the Tariff bill was taken up, the amendments adopted, and the bill passed. A bill was introduced amending the act of 1795 relative to calling out the militia for suppressing invasion. A bill amendatory of the act prohibiting the African slave-trade was introduced. The consideration of the bill to establish and equalize the grade of line officers of the navy was then resumed. Several amendments were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners and others was passed. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of army officers, etc., and the Civil Appropriation bill, were also passed. A Committee of Conference on the Confiscation bill was ordered, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, July 9, in the Senate, bills relative to the grade of naval officers; authorizing the President to make arrangements with foreign governments, and especially with Denmark, for the colonization of captured Africans; and making appropriations for sundry civil expenses, were passed. The Naval Appropriation bill was also passed. A bill to declare another punishment for the crime of treason was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill amendatory of the act of 1795, calling out the militia, etc., was then taken up. Senator Grimes offered an amendment providing for the employment of negroes in the military service; and Senator King moved to amend the amendment so as to authorize the employment of blacks in constructing intrenchments, or other camp service or labor, and declaring forever free the mother, wife, and children of negroes so employed. The scheme, in fact, comprehends the enrollment of the blacks in the military service, and the general emancipation of slaves. An interesting debate ensued, in which Senators Sherman, Fessenden, Wilson, and Rice advocated the policy of arming the blacks, but without taking action on the amendments, the Senate went into executive session and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, the Tariff and Pension bills were referred to conference committees. The bill to promote the efficacy of the Engineers' corps, and the Ordnance and Quarter-master's Departments, was passed; also the Naval Appropriation bill; the bill supplementary to the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and the Post-Route bill. The Senate resolution requiring the weekly publication of lists of all Government contracts, and the names of the persons interested in them, was adopted. The House then adjourned.

On Thursday, July 10, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department, transmitting copies of all instructions to the generals of the army relative to freeing the slaves of the rebels. The House resolution authorizing supplies of clothing to be furnished to sick and wounded soldiers was passed; also the bill relative to the stolen Indian Trust bonds. Senator Saulsbury offered a resolution inquiring for the number of troops under General Fremont and General Banks at the date of General M'Clellan's departure for the Peninsula; also the number of troops in and around Washington, also the number of troops between Washington and the Rappahannock; and also the number of troops actually in service under General M'Clellan in the recent engagements before Richmond. A long and interesting discussion on the conduct of the campaign on the Peninsula ensued, and finally the resolution was adopted. The bill relative to calling out the militia, with the amendments authorizing the arming of the blacks, their employment on intrenchments, etc., and freeing the wife, mother, and children of negroes so employed, was then called up. A motion to postpone indefinitely was disagreed to by a vote of 9 against 27. An amendment that loyal persons shall be compensated for loss of service of slaves taken under the bill was agreed to. The section authorizing the President to receive negroes into the military service was then passed. On taking the question on the section giving freedom to the mother, wife, and children of negroes so employed by the Government there was no quorum, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution to suspend all payments under the act of March last, "To secure to the officers and men actually employed in the Western or Missouri Department, their pay, bounty, and pensions," and to appoint three Commissioners to investigate and examine all claims and report on the same to the Secretary of War, was adopted. A joint resolution providing medals of honor for soldiers who may distinguish themselves was also adopted. The Senate bill for the better government of the navy, and the resolution of thanks to Commodore Foote was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, July 11, in the Senate, the General Pension bill and several unimportant bills were passed, and the remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the amendment to the Militia bill, authorizing the employment of negroes in the military service, and freeing the mothers, wives, and children of those so employed; but no vote was taken on the subject.——In the House, the bill to prevent officials from receiving pay for procuring contracts was passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill providing for a national currency, secured by United States stock, and for the circulation and redemption thereof. It was recommitted and ordered to be printed. The Conference Committee on the Confiscation bill made a report, combining some of the main points of both the Senate and House bills on that subject, which was accepted. The Tariff bill passed both Houses of Congress.

On Saturday, July 12, in the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Confiscation bill was agreed to by a vote of twenty-seven against thirteen. The bill has thus passed both Houses of Congress. The resolution requesting the President to have a statement of the trade and commerce of the Pacific States prepared was adopted. A resolution reported by the Finance Committee, fixing the time for final adjournment of Congress on Wednesday next, was adopted. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means reported their last appropriation, being for miscellaneous objects, but it was laid on the table by a majority of ten. Several other subjects were acted on, none of them, however, of general importance, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, July 14, in the Senate, the resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore A. H. Foote for his gallant services in the West, was adopted. The bill for the admission of West Virginia into the Union was passed by a vote of twenty-three to seventeen. The bill provides that all slaves born within the limits of the State after the 4th of July next shall be free; all slaves who at that time are under ten years of age shall be free when they are twenty-one; and all over ten and under twenty-one, shall be free when they are twenty-five. A message was received from the President, transmitting the draft of a bill for compensating any State which may abolish slavery. We give it below. The bill to prevent Congressmen and Government officers receiving consideration for procuring contracts was passed. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill making sundry appropriations for civil expenditures was reported and passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill imposing an additional tax of one cent per pound on domestic sugar under the internal tax law. A proviso was added that the tax should not apply to sugar manufactured from sorghum, and the bill was then passed.

AN EMANCIPATION BILL.

The following Message from the President was delivered to Congress on Monday:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

Herewith is the draft of the bill to compensate any State which may abolish slavery within its limits, the passage of which, substantially as presented, I respectfully and earnestly recommend. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that any State shall have lawfully abolished slavery within and throughout such State, either immediately or gradually, it shall be the duty of the President, assisted by the Secretary of the Treasury, to prepare and deliver to each State an amount of six per cent. interest-bearing bonds of the United States, equal to the aggregate value at —— dollars per head of all the slaves within such State, as reported by the census of one thousand eight hundred and sixty; the whole amount for any one State to be delivered at once, if the abolishment be immediate, or in equal annual installments if it be gradual, interest to begin running on each bond at the time of delivery, and not before.

And be it further enacted, That if any State having so received any such bonds shall at any time afterward by law reintroduce or tolerate slavery within its limits, contrary to the act of abolishment upon which such bonds shall have been received, said bonds so received by said State shall at once be null and void in whosesoever hands they may be, and such State shall refund to the United States all interest which may have been paid on such bonds.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Dispatches from Fortress Monroe announce the fact that the rebels have disappeared from before the Army of the Potomac, none of them being within miles of our position. A brief telegram from General M'Clellan, received in Philadelphia on Friday, stated that the enemy had retreated. An explanation of this movement of the rebel forces will probably be found in the fact that, from lack of transportation, they have been forced to fall back nearer Richmond, their base of supplies.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE PENINSULA.

The President has taken a trip to the peninsula to see the position of the army for himself. He had an interview with General Burnside at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, 8th, and then proceeded up the James River to visit General M'Clellan.

He reviewed the entire line, in company with General M'Clellan and his Staff, and was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops, who mingled their cheers with the salvos of artillery with which he was greeted. Subsequent to the review, he returned to the steamer on which he went up the James, accompanied by General M'Clellan, and after an hour's consultation, quietly took his departure.

During his visit he made a speech to the serried masses of armed men who had just come out of seven days' terrific combat. Dismounting from his horse and mounting upon a rail fence he addressed the army in these words: "Be of good cheer; all is well. The country owes you an inextinguishable debt for your services. I am under immeasurable obligations to you. You have, like heroes, endured, and fought, and conquered. Yes, I say conquered; for though apparently checked once, you conquered afterward and secured the position of your choice. You shall be strengthened and rewarded. God bless you all!"

THE SOUTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE BATTLES.

The Southern account of the late battles, during the withdrawal of General M'Clellan's army to the James River, is given in the Richmond papers. The enemy admit the strength of our army's new position, which they designate as the strongest on the peninsula, and, indeed, demonstrate the fact by furnishing the geographical and topographical features of the location. The general tone of the rebel journals indicates dissatisfaction with the result of the movement, and by no means shows that it is regarded in the light of a success for the rebel arms.

GENERAL POPE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

The following has been issued.

WASHINGTON, July .., 1862.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA:

By special assignment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army.

I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack, and not defense.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy.

It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you.

I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves.

Let us look before, and not behind.

Success and glory are in the advance.

Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE, Major-General Commanding.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

The bombardment of Vicksburg still continued at last accounts received from Memphis. Our mortars from above and below are shelling the city. The cutting of the canal by negroes, which is destined to make Vicksburg an inland and insignificant town, is progressing rapidly. The report that Commodore Farragut has been wounded is not officially confirmed; but it is said that he had a narrow escape.

REBEL RAID ON MURFREESBORO.

According to rumors prevalent in Nashville on Saturday, and since confirmed, a force of rebel cavalry, under Colonel Forrest, assaulted the town of Murfreesboro, capturing the Ninth Michigan regiment, Colonel Parkhurst, and making prisoners also of General Crittenden, of Indiana, General Duffield, and several other officers. The Third Minnesota, Colonel Leslie, and Hewitt's First Kentucky battery made a gallant resistance. Their bravery is beyond praise. They saved the railroad track and bridges, losing but few men. The rebels destroyed the railroad dépôt and other property, including the telegraph office. The town was being shelled by Hewitt's battery at the last report—three o'clock P.M. on 12th.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF BATON ROUGE.

The capture of Baton Rouge by the rebels under General Van Dorn is reported in the Richmond papers received by dispatches from Mobile. The *Mississippian* states that General Butler visited Baton Rouge on Saturday, the 5th inst.

AFFAIRS AT NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler has suspended the functions of the City Councils of New Orleans, and has appointed bureaus of Finance and of Streets and Landings, consisting of three persons each, among whom the duties of the Councils are divided. This action has been rendered necessary in consequence of the refusal of the city authorities to take the oath of allegiance, in accordance with General Butler's orders. The moneyed classes in the city are still very backward in owning allegiance to the National Government, but there is a much better feeling among the working classes. Provisions, vegetables, and fruit are freely allowed to come to the city, and the condition of the poorer classes is much improved. Cotton plants of the new crop are beginning to make their appearance.

TREASON PUNISHED IN MEMPHIS.

The Memphis *Avalanche* having published an incendiary and treasonable article headed "Mischief-makers," on the 1st of July, General Grant ordered that paper to be suspended. The order was subsequently countermanded on the withdrawal of the editor who wrote the article from the *Avalanche* establishment.

A SLANDER EXPLODED.

A correspondence from General M'Clellan to the War Department, concerning the occupation of General Lee's residence at White House and the several slanderous stories thereto attached, has been presented to Congress, and the whole affair is reduced to a very miserable and contemptible compass. General M'Clellan in his letter says, that "those who have originated the false statements concerning the White House, yard, and spring, are in fact, as stated in my dispatch of the 7th instant, enemies of this army and the cause in which it is fighting. They have imposed upon the Surgeon-General, and caused him to make official representations which, on examination, prove to be unfounded in fact, and which are disrespectful to his superior officer. They have unnecessarily occupied the attention of the Secretary of War, and have interrupted the Commander and the Medical Director of this army in the midst of the most arduous duties."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MEDIATION AGAIN.

OUR affairs have again been discussed in both Houses of the British Parliament. Lord Palmerston, speaking in the Lower House, said that he could see no reason at the present time for offers of mediation in our affairs, but that the Government would gladly take advantage of any favorable opening that might occur for friendly interference. Lord Brougham had a few words to say in the Upper House, explanatory of a former speech, to the effect that he wished to remonstrate with the Americans "as fellow-Christians" with the noble lord on the course of the civil war, which he thought would prove of a fatal character to the whole American people.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1862.—PORTER ATTACKED BY AN OVERWHELMING FORCE OF REBELS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 477.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC THE BATTLE OF BEAVER CREEK, JUNE 26, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

THE GUN-BOATS "GALENA" AND "MAHASKA" SHELLING THE REBELS AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JULY 1, 1862.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

IT gives us real pleasure to publish, on page 465, a portrait of our old and valued correspondent General Truman Seymour, whose sketches are familiar to the readers of this journal, and whose distinguished gallantry at the battles before Richmond have elicited such universal admiration.

General Seymour was born at Albany, New York, about the year 1827, and entered West Point in 1842, graduating in 1846. He went to Mexico to join the army under General Scott, and at the battle of Cerro Gordo won the brevet rank of First Lieutenant. At the attack on Contreras he and Lieutenant (now General) Brannan led the van of the attacking army. At the close of the war Lieutenant Seymour spent some years as military instructor of drawing: we can testify that he was admirably qualified for the post. After a brief campaign against Billy Bowlegs in Florida, he resumed the dull routine of garrison duty, and, at the outbreak of the rebellion, found himself with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter. He was one of the most heroic and gallant of that brave little garrison, and came out of the fort in very bad health in consequence of his sufferings. He was soon afterward brevetted Major, and appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At the late fights before Richmond he commanded a brigade in M'Call's Division, consisting of four regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserve, and won imperishable glory. We are permitted to make the following extracts from private letters from him to a friend:

BELOW RICHMOND, *Night of July 1, 1862.*

MY DEAR ——: You will be glad to get even this line from me, though I don't know how you will get it. We are on the James River, and a gun-boat can carry a mail. The evening is clear, and the distant sound of heavy cannonading has just ceased, in pursuit of a flying foe, and after a magnificent battle scene. The Union cause is not hopeless now, although it seemed so last night. We have had the hardest kind of fighting. This of to-night is the fourth battle. In three of them my brigade played a not inferior part. At Mechanicsville, on our right flank, our division alone held 40,000 men at bay for twelve hours, and when compelled to withdraw, did so in such a manner as to have elicited the high praise of the army. Reynolds and myself can claim all the glory of the fight, for we alone commanded. I had two horses shot under me. The next day, in the afternoon, the battle of Gainsville was fought—25,000 against nearly 80,000—De Hart wounded, Easton killed, Reynolds prisoner, etc. My escapes were wonderful, and will form the theme of much future story. I led five regiments into the heavy fight besides my own brigade, and on these two days I lost four hundred men in my command. Well, two days afterward (yesterday), while folding up our right wing to fall back on the James River, we had a great fight along the whole line, where we barely held our own. My horse was shot in five places and my clothes have six musket holes through them, but the skin not broken. By the mercy of God alone have I escaped when many others were killed. I was reported to have been killed. Meade was wounded and M'Call either killed or captured. The division was nearly destroyed. One regiment of 800 men has lost all but 50; and it is reduced now from 8000 down to about 3000 men, of which I am in command.

Well, we can not go to Richmond just now—the rebels have been much too strong for us. The skill with which this last movement has been made will be admired by the world for ages, and must place M'Clellan very high as an able man.

All this while we have had nothing to eat but hard bread and a little pork; we destroyed much of our baggage; we carried nothing but our eatables in our pockets; for five nights I have scarcely closed my eyes; but to-night, after a grand victory and a good cup of coffee, and with every thing seeming to promise well if the country will only support us, I shall sleep enough to make it all up and be ready for a fight to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, *July 2, 1862*—4 P.M.

Arrived this morning early at Robinson's Landing, marching 17 miles by dark, starting at 12 o'clock. It has rained all day—the ground is very soft; in this field, a plantation, the whole army is concentrated; the river is full of transports; troops are arriving—a few days' rest and we shall start again for Richmond. After being wet and hungry all day I feel glad that my wagons have come up and that my night's rest is secure, if the enemy does not attack, as he should do if he means to annihilate us. But who can tell what is in store for us? I trust I shall be able to do my duty at least as well as I have done. To-day I have eaten nothing but wheat from the field, and am wet and worn with watching and care, and you will know when you see this how much a man can suffer and live. Nothing in all my life has met the suffering of these days, my Fort Sumter trials included. May God bless our cause, and give us yet more strength to endure! The army is full of heart, and only asks a fair field and that God will be with us.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

IN the dark days of April, 1861, when the capital was in danger and the existence of the Government doubtful, one of the earliest if not the first to hasten to Washington with a tender of his services was DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, commanding the Twelfth Regiment New York Militia, whose portrait we give on page 465. He found an attack momentarily expected, and an organization of visitors and citizens hastily formed, known as the Clay Guard, for the protection of the city from the hard-riding and hard-drinking cavaliers promised for its "subjugation" by "Wise the Witless." Colonel Butterfield enrolled himself at once, and many senators, judges, lawyers, and distinguished citizens who served as privates in the ranks of the Clay Guard on the memorable nights of the 17th and 18th of April will remember him in the young orderly-sergeant who drilled them, and watch his career with additional interest as a commander on a larger field. While engaged in this sacred duty Colonel Butterfield had obtained the permission of the Secretary of War to reorganize, fill up, and report his regiment at Washington on the 26th, prepared for duty. With this order Colonel Butterfield made his way through Baltimore, wet with the gore of Northern citizens shed by "plug-ugly-dom" turned "secesh" in its mad frenzy, and over broken bridges and torn up tracks arrived in New York on Thursday night of the 20th, filled up his regiment (like most of our militia organizations then merely a skeleton) from some 350 to 1000 men, and left with them on Sunday afternoon in the *Baltic*, bound for Washington, by the way of Fortress Monroe, looking to a passage up the Potomac; and then, by information there obtained, to Annapolis. Assigned to the army corps of Patterson, the Twelfth saw their hopes of active service disappear in dreary marches and countermarches over the "sacred soil," while Bull Run was being fought and the vanity of the South in arms supplied with material for boasting. In Patterson's division General Butterfield (then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry by a recent appointment) commanded a brigade, and sought for permission to lead it into action. Soon afterward he received the full appointment of Brigadier in an unsolicited and gratifying manner. During the autumn and winter General Butterfield was profoundly occupied in drilling and disciplining his brigade and converting them into those "stolid mudsill veterans" so much deprecated by the South.

In the movement before Yorktown General Fitz-John Porter's command was always prominently engaged, and generally in the advance. Butterfield's brigade made the first reconnoissance to Big Bethel and Harold's Mill, and was with Porter when he made his first approaches and attack on Yorktown. On the 11th of April a portion of the brigade repulsed a sortie of the enemy, receiving high encomiums from General Porter. At the battle of Hanover on the first sound of firing General Butterfield left his sick bed for the saddle, and on receiving the order to advance, pushed his Brigade forward in two lines: Lansing's Seventeenth New York and M'Lane's Eighty-third Pennsylvania in the first, and Weeks's Twelfth New York and Stockton's Sixteenth Michigan in the second, these last in double column in the rear. Knowing from the heavy firing in the front that he was wanted, Butterfield pushed on on the double quick. With skirmishers thrown out they dashed through the woods, halting on its edge for a moment only to dress their line and reconnoitre the enemy, and then pushed forward into the wheat-field adjoining in splendid style, driving the enemy before them. Here the Seventeenth New York captured one of the enemy's guns, a brass 12-pounder. Pushing on in the same order, they occupied the station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Hanover Court-house, which had never witnessed so much activity since its bricks were brought from England in 1735. At the Court-house the news reached them that the enemy had reappeared in their rear and threatened the left flank. This was met by General Porter with great promptness and success. General Martindale gallantly met and sustained this attack with the Second Maine, the Forty-fourth New York, a fragment of the Twenty-Fifth New York, and a section of Martin's Battery. This was one of the severest contested fights of the whole war, the enemy coming up boldly to the work, and showing themselves in a comparatively open field. They had at the outset three gallant New Yorkers to deal with in Generals Porter, Morrell, and Martindale, and a fourth was on his way—for Butterfield, led by the sound of the firing, was double-quicking back his weary men to the relief of one of his regiments (Stryker's New York Forty-fourth), which was already warmly engaged supporting a section of Martin's Battery, and arriving on the field with the Eighty-third Pennsylvania on the enemy's flank, poured in a murderous fire, and the combined forces soon sent the enemy "skedaddling." Again at the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mills General Butterfield won glory by his skill and bravery. The Prince de Joinville was so struck by his gallantry that he presented him with a horse in token of his regard.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE continue in this number our series of engravings of the battles before Richmond. On page 470 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud, representing the

BATTLE OF BEAVER CREEK,

where M'Call's division, in Fitz-John Porter's corps, was attacked on 26th by an overwhelming force of rebels. We gave an account of the battle in our last number. Mr. Waud says: "This battle was fought by M'Call's division, Thursday, June 26. The enemy having made a bridge below Mechanicsville, with a view to passing the swamp and cutting off M'Call's command from the rest of the army, that General withdrew his forces across Beaver Creek. Here the rebels attacked him, the fight lasting till after dark, when, having repulsed the enemy, M'Call fell back still further, in pursuance of M'Clellan's plan of drawing his right wing across the Chickahominy, and taking the James River for the base of operations." We will add the following description of the country from the *Tribune* correspondence:

The battle was fought in dense woods. Our forces were posted on the south side of a belt of forest on a line nearly two miles long, the general course of which was nearly parallel with the Chickahominy. The woods vary in depth from 40 to 100 rods; a small stream flows the entire length, and the ascent on either side is quite sharp. Cultivated fields cover the brow and crest of the hills on either side and in the right rear of our position extend half a mile to the bottom land of the Chickahominy. On the left the fringe of woods reaches to this bottom land. At 11 A.M., when I reached the field, our pickets occupied the top of the hill across the ravine along its whole winding length. They reported a battery of the enemy at Gaines's House, a mile north in his left rear, and numbers of rebels in distinct view. This battery soon exchanged shots with guns on our right. Half an hour later they saluted our left with an occasional shell from a position so far westerly as to enfilade our line. Meanwhile, an occasional report from a sharp-shooter's rifle warned of the enemy's approach. The fire of our batteries on the right gradually grew more rapid, but the day wore away until it was 3 P.M., and there had been few casualties. Would the enemy make a serious demonstration? A volley from one company of a regiment on the left, directed at as many of the enemy who appeared on the crest of the opposite hill, causing them to hurry back, did not answer the question conclusively, for it was followed by dead silence. Twenty minutes later the answer came, and it was unmistakable—it was a tornado of musketry.

The ball opened with the centre, but only a moment, and the tornado swept right and left as if one current of electricity had discharged every man's musket. Our men disappeared, sending back cheerful shouts as they rushed into that dense wood where now corpses are thick as the trees. A spatter of rebel lead lifted little puffs of dust on the hill from which, with straining eyes, I in vain sought to penetrate those dark recesses. A dull, heavy undercurrent of murmur as of the swarming of bees, the sharp ring of a random Minié overhead, the incessant roar of musketry, and now the wounded and the dead being borne out of the jaws of death.

ON page 468 we reproduce Mr. Waud's sketch of the

BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY,

which was fought on Friday, 27th. We have already described this fight, and will only add Mr. Waud's account of it: "The next day the rebels in great force attacked M'Call again, now sustained by Porter's division, Slocum's division, and Sykes's brigade of regulars, and part of Sumner's command. These sustained an unequal and bloody fight with the rebel hosts till nightfall, when they were withdrawn across the Chickahominy, blowing up the fine bridges which our engineers had built in their rear. Our sketch represents Sykes's brigade standing firm before the rebel efforts to overwhelm our lines. Beyond Sykes's, on the right, was M'Call's and Franklin's; but the smoke was so heavy that it was difficult to see much of the field at once. The heavy smoke beyond was caused by the destruction of commissary stores by fire, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy."

On page 477 will be found another picture, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, illustrating the

BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION,

fought on Saturday, 28th. Mr. Waud writes:

"On Saturday the wagon trains were gradually got to the rear, and our lines remained comparatively free from attack. Before daylight Sunday morning our troops were withdrawn, the First Massachusetts battery being the last to leave the outposts. Covering the trains, Franklin's troops passed across the railroad at Savage's Station. The rebels mistaking the movement for a retreat, came on with a spirit destined to be badly checked—first near Fairoaks Station and then at Savage's—when, notwithstanding that they attacked our troops before they had had time to form, they received a fierce repulse, the Irish brigade acting particularly well.

"The picture represents the troops forming along the railroad at Savage's Station, the rebels in the distance, pressing on their infantry covered by a heavy fire of artillery—the Union soldiers double-quicking into position."

Finally, on pages 472 and 473 we illustrate the last of the long series of bloody fights, the

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL,

where the enemy attacked General M'Clellan on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 1. The General, anticipating the attack, had placed his cannon on a height in three rows of fifty pieces each, each row falling back when the pieces became heated. It was the fire of these pieces which so terribly decimated the army under Magruder. In our picture the reader will remark that the rebels are in the fore-ground, and the Union artillery in the back-ground. The following account of the battle we take from the *Herald*:

The ground is for the most part open and undulating, presenting a splendid position for a battle-field. After the fight of the previous day, further to the front, our army fell back during the night and took up the most eligible position the country afforded, until it was enabled on Tuesday night to fall back still further to Harrison's Landing. In the morning, anticipating a vigorous pursuit by the enemy, General M'Clellan himself established the lines of his army, and personally placed his troops in position, prepared to meet the attack. The line formed a magnificent semicircle. General Keyes was on the extreme right, with a portion of his command. General Franklin's corps joined Keyes's left, and next in order from right to left were placed Sumner's corps, consisting of Richardson's and Sedgwick's division; Heintzelman's corps, embracing Hooker's and Kearney's divisions; next General Couch's division, which was detached from Keyes's command; while General Fitz-John Porter's corps, consisting of General Morell's division and the regulars, formed the extreme left. The configuration of the country rendered the left almost certainly secure; for the lowlands beneath were completely commanded by our artillery and the gun-boats. The right, however, was not so secure, and that was the reason the position was found to be untenable afterward. The enemy did not get his pursuing troops in position until the afternoon. For several hours heavy cannonading was kept up on both sides—our ponderous siege guns, which were ranged in a splendid position near the centre of our lines, pouring destructive volleys into the columns of the enemy as they were being brought forward and formed into line. After the artillery on both sides opened in the afternoon, the shot and shell filled the air, and a most terrific cannonading was kept up, with intervals, for hours. About half past three o'clock the enemy's skirmishers advanced near our centre, and the opposing lines in front of General Couch's position were soon hotly engaged. In this attempt to break our lines the enemy signally failed. He was speedily driven back at the point of the bayonet, and lost several colors, which we captured.

Later in the afternoon the enemy brought out three light batteries, posted them near some barns in a wheat-field, and opened a fierce fire on the same portion of our line. Several of our batteries in Hooker's and Kearney's divisions immediately returned the fire, and soon silenced those of the enemy. It was nearly sundown when the enemy made another attempt to pierce our lines in front of General Porter's and Couch's positions. A terrible cannonade was opened, and, simultaneously, heavy lines of rebels were pushed to the front under cover of the artillery. Our troops met them in the most gallant style, and the battle raged fiercely for two hours or more, the tide gradually sweeping round from left to right. Heavy columns had been seen in the afternoon bearing to our right, and apprehensions were entertained that the enemy might burst out in that direction; but happily those painful apprehensions were not realized. The rebels hurled their forces, however, with fearful fury against our lines. General Couch, who had immediate command of that portion of the line, in the most gallant manner planted the colors of his regiment where he wanted them, and inspired his soldiers with confidence. No troops fought more bravely than those engaged in this battle. After the firing was running round to the right, General Porter sent to General Sumner for reinforcements, and several regiments, including the Irish brigade, were sent. This bold brigade, headed by the intrepid General Meagher, arrived in front in time to render the most signal service. Lieutenant-Colonel Burke, of the Sixty-third New York, is among the wounded. During the engagement it was a magnificent sight to see, amidst the bursting shells, infantry, artillery, and cavalry moving inside the semicircle, with remarkable celerity, to different parts of the field. General M'Clellan, accompanied by a portion of his staff, rode along the field, and was loudly cheered by our troops. In this battle, which closed soon after darkness set in, the rebels did not gain one inch of ground. We drove them back at every point with fearful loss. Where our artillery opened with grape and canister the killed and wounded rebels were actually piled upon each other. Several rebel regiments which came out in defiant line of battle were terribly cut up. The battle was brief, but bloody. The rebel loss must have amounted to several thousand. It is impossible to accurately estimate our own, as circumstances compelled us to leave many on the field. It is believed, however, that one thousand will more than cover it.

On page 470 we illustrate the performance of

THE GUN-BOATS "GALENA" AND "MAHASKA"

during the fight of 1st. Our picture is from the pencil of an officer on board one of our vessels. He writes:

"Having cleared the James River up to Fort Darling and the obstructions, the gun-boats, on account of the high banks and their inability to operate or occupy far inland, have been obliged to hold merely what they had attained, to await the co-operation of the army. On Tuesday last the latter, having been two days in its retreat, had come out on the James River. Here, at a point near Turkey Island, our rear-guard were enabled to make a stand, being most effectually covered in their retreat by the gun-boats. Here the enemy were twice repulsed and several pieces of artillery taken, the shells from the 9-inch Columbiads, and 100-pounder rifled guns of the boats, after a flight of frequently two or three miles, dropping and exploding in the midst of the enemy's lines. Our shots were mostly directed by signals made from the top of the house in the middle of the back-ground, and answered from our top-mast by an officer of the army signal corps."

On page 469, we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. Waud, representing

SCENES OF CAMP LIFE

before the late movement from the Chickahominy to the James River. Mr. Waud writes:

"No. 1 represents the Railroad from West Point to Richmond, at or about the locality where it leaves our lines, some six miles from the city. It is a single track road, but it is an immense convenience to the army in transporting the large supplies necessary for such an enormous body of men. The scenery, without being at all striking, is very picturesque along the road, the wild camps of our soldiers adding a great deal of interest to it. Once or twice a rebel locomotive has made its appearance on the track, skedaddling very quick when our guns opened on it.

"No. 2 is the Trestle-work over the Chickahominy Swamp, about seven hundred yards in breadth at this point.

"No. 3 is a sketch of Sick and Wounded Soldiers on their way to the White House, refreshing themselves at a pure spring of water by the side of the railroad while waiting for the cars.

"No. 4 gives a good idea of the pleasures of bridge-building in the swamp, where the atmosphere is very close, and it is necessary for some of the builders to stand up to their middle in water, while others cut and carry the logs to construct the bridge with.

"No. 5. Along some parts of the line quite a good feeling exists among the pickets. By mutual consent they do not fire, and the rebels leave their arms and join our men in a cup of coffee, exchanging Richmond papers for the New York papers, and making themselves generally agreeable. Picket-firing is not considered a humane business in modern warfare; yet it is open to doubt whether the existence of a good understanding may not have its evils on the other hand: neither can it be considered expedient that the rebels should have recent copies of Northern papers.

"No. 6. The Soldier's last Resting-place. Alas, poor soldier! your little mound of the sacred soil will soon be flattened out by the action of the weather, the slight wooden head-board overturned, and its inscription lost. The cracker-box lid, which was the best approach to a slab that your comrades could raise upon which to record your name, company, and death, is not calculated to retain that inscription long; although even that fleeting memorial is denied to thousands of nameless ones, whose rough graves, containing from one to fifty in each, mark where the misguided tools of treason fell and received the last rites from patriots."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

WE devote page 476 to illustrations of the ATTACK ON VICKSBURG, Mississippi, and to the engineering device by which General Butler is going to make Vicksburg an inland town. Some of our sketches are by Dr. Henry, of the Navy, others by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"*July 2.* NEAR VICKSBURG.

"I arrived here yesterday with the fleet of Commodore Davis, which is composed of the iron-clads *Benton*, *Carondolet*, *Louisville*, and *Cincinnati*, with a number of rams; we found that Farragut had run the batteries with the greater portion of his fleet, and found that, though capable of driving the rebels from their guns, he could not keep the town, which is somewhat knocked to pieces by this time. The town is situated in the bend of the river, and just now our men are busy cutting a canal through the neck of land, which will have the effect of ruining the city, as it will be the means of changing the course of the river. This the people have been fearful of for some time, for by so doing Vicksburg is soon left an inland town forever. The river soon permanently changes its course. In order to prevent this the railroad was built, for the law prevents the cutting a railroad.

"I went across the short neck of land, and on board the *Octorora* saw Porter and Brown. Grant is expected to be down here by land in five days, when it is intended to take a few secesh that may be about Vicksburg. Porter thinks Mobile is ours *when we want it*. The shells from his mortar-boats are thrown wonderfully, one every now and then right into the rebel batteries.

"The secesh tried to capture some of the mortar-schooners.

"Commodore Porter's mortar fleet lying just off it on the Vicksburg side and close to the bend, induced a belief among the rebels that they could board the vessels, and by one grand stroke gain possession of them, also defeating any inferior number of troops opposed to them. To accomplish this General Van Dorn marched a brigade from their encampment and cautiously through the woods approached our vessels. When two hundred yards distant the rebels made a charge, but were received by terrific storms of grape that drove them back in confusion. They retired completely defeated."

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, VIRGINIA, JULY 1, 1862.—THE RE

REBELS REPULSED BY THE UNION ARTILLERY.—[See Page 471.]

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

The swift winds run
Under the sun,
And under the silver moon:
They have taken away my little one;
May they bring him back to me soon.

He is strong and tough,
And manly enough,
But he hath a wayward will;
My son is a sailor rude and rough,
But he seems my little one still.

Blow, winds, blow!
And may he know
The comfort that mothers lack;
Follow him swift where'er he shall go,
And change him, and bring him back.

He sailed away
On a stormy day
So many long years ago;
For his heart was angry and stubborn—Say,
Is my little one dead or no?

If the cold sea moans
O'er my little one's bones,
Let the waters be tranquil and blue;
But blow him back, if he live, for he owns
A willful nature like you.

Blow, winds, blow!
Go, winds, go
Over the salt sea-foam;
And when, with your changes, he changes, oh,
Let the sweet change waft him home.

Ye winds, I trow
I care not now
Though your wild sea-mirth he has drank,
He is still my little one, though his brow
Be as dark as the sea-weed dank.

Though his eyes be cold
As the sea-caves old,
Though his beard be fierce as foam,
Though he be waywarder twentyfold,
Bring my little one home.

Flee, winds, flee!
Ye are dear to me
For the sake of my little one;
Full many a year, in my place by the sea,
Ye have put me in mind of my son.

Full many a year
Have ye both been dear!
After him, swift winds, fly:
Come back together, that I may hear
Your voices mingling, and die.

MY UNCLE'S CASHIER.

"My dear Charles, it is a question for you, not for me—you must decide yourself; I can only state the conditions upon which that decision must be founded. If you go to college you must go with a very small allowance indeed, and you must work hard for a fellowship of some kind, for I can leave you nothing, as you know that, beyond a provision for your mother and the unmarried girls, I shall leave nothing behind me when I go. If you do go to college, you will enter a circle the entering of which will multiply ten-fold your chances of success in after-life; it will give you a position in society of which nothing but bad conduct on your part can deprive you, and will put you in the fair road to become what I should like to see you—a scholar and a gentleman. If, on the other hand you accept your uncle's offer, you will have a far larger allowance, as salary, than I can give you under any circumstances, the chance of succeeding him in a very good business, and soon becoming a man of some importance in the commercial world. I need say no more—you must choose for yourself; I shall want your answer to-morrow in time to post; go and think it over. Don't say any thing to your sisters, or they'll persuade you to go to Paris for the chance of visiting you there."

Such was my father's address to me at the age of seventeen. It was a difficult question to decide—Oxford or Paris? Still I did decide, and next day announced that decision.

"I should prefer going to college, father, at all events."

"Glad to hear it, my boy, though the other course would have been the cheaper for me; still I am glad to hear it. I can't do much for you, but in sending you to college I can do more than I can in any other way. If there's any thing in you it will come out there; if not, you will not be spoiled for other things afterward; so God-speed you, my boy!"

To college therefore I went, with only one more word of advice from my father. As I left the gate in the hired chaise for the station, he said:

"God bless you, my boy! if you mean to be any thing, don't hear midnight strike too often."

Three years passed, and I was "getting on," as my mother used to tell her friends; in a few months more I had hopes of getting something worth having in the shape of my degree with honors and a fellowship. Alas! My hopes were vain. I had hardly returned to college at the end of my third long vacation when I received a telegram announcing my father's illness, and reached home too late to see him again alive. My college dreams were over—I had not a penny in the world—I must work for all I was to have.

My uncle now wrote to repeat his former offer. I joyfully accepted it; and a month after my father's death I was in Paris.

My uncle's house was in one of the small streets lying between the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Montmartre, just north of the Bourse. It was, as may be supposed from its situation, an old rambling place, with the banking-offices on one side of the court-yard and the residence on the other. The offices, the scene of my new duties, consisted of a suit of three rooms, communicating by swing doors; in the farthest sat my uncle, the next was the chief cashier's or clerk's, and the third the office proper. A counter stretched along the whole length of the room, and on top of the counter ran a high, strong, wire-guard, with two or three small circular openings, through which the money was passed and papers were taken. Behind this guard I was to sit as third cashier or clerk. My uncle's business was that of a banker, bill-discounter, and money-lender; and to judge by the rate at which he lived he must for some years have employed a very large amount of capital, or have lent his money at a little more than five per cent. interest.

My uncle having shown me the offices took me over to the house.

"My daughter, Mr. Wardes; Victorine, my dear, Mr. Wardes, a nephew of mine."

I looked at my cousin once and again—she was worth looking at—a most singular mixture of races was visible in her face. She had a high, broad, thoughtful, German forehead—a man's rather than a girl's—a delicate chin and mouth, with the small teeth so characteristic of the more highly organized French nature, and a nose and eyes unmistakably English in the clear bridged outline of the one, and the open, fearless gaze of the others. She was a curiosity—a new thing—and I determined to study Victorine, my cousin.

"You must dine with us at six o'clock. Where did you sleep last night?"

"At the Bedford."

"You'd better bring your trunks here; your room is ready."

"Really I had no idea that I was to live here."

"Where else, boy? Where else? Paris is not a cheap place for young men; you'll live here cheaper than any where else; more comfortably, perhaps, if you and Victorine don't quarrel."

This was more than I had hoped for, to find myself domiciled in my uncle's house. I thought he had done much in renewing his offer after my previous refusal, but this overcame me.

"I'm really very grateful to you for all your kindness."

"All right, my lad, all right! See and get your things here, or you'll be late for dinner."

At dinner I was introduced to the chief clerk—or rather, the manager of my uncle's business. Once or twice I noticed his eyes fix themselves on me in a way that gave me the idea of his measuring me. I felt annoyed at this; and I showed it a little, perhaps, in the tone of my voice as I answered his inquiries as to the practices of English commerce.

"Oh!" said my uncle, "he knows nothing about the matter, Monsieur Vernay. Ask him to recite to you a chorus from the 'Antigone' and he'll repeat half the book; but of commerce—of banking—he knows nothing."

"We shall be able to teach him our system in a few years, if he shall stay so long with us."

"He'll stay longer than I shall, I dare say, M. Vernay."

"Let me hope not, M. Wardes; you are a young man yet—quite a young man."

"That may be, but I don't mean to spend all my life in your dear Paris, M. Vernay. Oh no."

"Whatever comes, we shall do our best with the young gentleman to make him useful."

I felt angry and vexed at this conversation: though the hints thrown out by my uncle were plain enough, I did not like this contemptuous treatment from his manager.

Moreover, I noticed that M. Vernay paid most assiduous and graceful attentions to Victorine, who accepted them as a matter of course, and this made me still more inclined to dislike him.

My work was easy enough—too easy. I copied letters, paid away money, and did the work that belonged to my department as junior clerk. M. Vernay was careful to give me nothing to do that was not simplicity itself, and I was bored for want of something that might occupy my mind as well as my fingers. In the evenings I seldom went out, and I was very content to spend my time with Victorine, who, on her part, seemed to think the evenings were pleasant enough to seem short; so while papa dozed in his chair Victorine and I talked and sang to our heart's content.

M. Vernay came about once a week to dinner, and contrived then, and indeed at all times, to give my uncle the idea that I was in need of much teaching as regarded business matters.

"How many years do you think, Charles" (we were cousins, reader), "it will take you to learn to conduct papa's business."

"How many months you mean, Victorine. These practical men, your father and M. Vernay, are greatly mistaken in their estimate about me: they fancy that because I never looked into a day-book, or journal, or ledger before I came here, I shall be years learning their use; it's a mistake of theirs. I have, ever since I was old enough to think, done little else but think, and discipline of this kind enables me to learn in a month what their undisciplined minds would require twelve for. As for M. Vernay and his '*Système*,' as he calls it, it is a good one, and a workable one; but there are fifty methods of applying the same principles. He boasts that by his system fraud is rendered impossible, because discovery is certain; he's wrong, and greatly wrong, and if I had access to his books I believe I could prove to demonstration that it is so."

Victorine somewhat incautiously defended me the next time I was attacked, and repeated my remark that if I had access to his books I could prove fraud to be possible.

M. Vernay started, turned pale, and turned on me a glance that made me sure of two things: first, that this chance bolt had hit the mark—that there *was* fraud; and next, that if M. Vernay could put me out of his way he would not be very particular as to the means of doing it.

This one idea of fraud kept forcing itself before me constantly; M. Vernay's jealous care of particular books and keys, his constant endeavors to make my uncle take "one glass more" than was good for him, and the strange, suspicious-looking people who came to him first, and then drew out money from the bank, all compelled me to think of it. I was more than confirmed in my suspicions by an incident which occurred some few months after this idea first entered my mind.

I had lost myself in one of the Faubourgs rather late one evening, and entered a small, mean-looking restaurant to ask my way. There were a number of men in the room, and as I glanced in a looking-glass I saw a face there was no mistaking—that of M. Vernay. He was sitting at one of the little, round marble-topped tables with two companions, with his face to the wall, and his side-face reflected in the glass. I saw him clearly, but from his position he could not see me. Instead of asking my way I took a seat near the party, and took up the paper. They spoke in French and rapidly, in an under tone.

"I tell you," said Vernay, "it will not do; you always have to ask me before you draw, and unless you can do it in my way it can not be done."

"Repeat," said one, "repeat; what is your way?"

"This," said Vernay. "I will give you a check now for 50,000 francs, with the Marquis de ——'s signature. Lizette will bring it; she must come in her carriage and cash it to-morrow—and—"

"That's it exactly"—and—"what are we to do?"

"Give me notes for 45,000 francs to-night."

"45,000—that is only 5000 francs, and a carriage and horses, and Lizette's dress—it is too little; besides, we have not got the money; I like the old way best; I will come as usual."

"You can not do that without risk of discovery. That prying English nephew is suspicious—he has the eyes of an eagle—an owl I ought to say, for he sees in the dark."

"Can't you quiet him? There is water under all the bridges of the Seine still."

"He's too happy for that; happy men don't drown themselves."

"Does he go out at night? An appointment with a pretty girl might tempt him."

"Not at all—he's in love with Victorine."

"That is serious, Vernay—she was to be yours."

"That may be yet. Now, will you have it, or shall I go to Hamburger, and make him the offer?"

The two consulted for a moment, and one of them left the room. In a few minutes he returned (I was deeply absorbed in the paper, which completely hid my face); he said to his companion:

"I have it."

"You are agreed, then?"

"Yes. Where is the check?"

Vernay drew from his pocket-book a blank check, filled it for 50,000 francs, and dated it.

"Now the notes. All good?"

"All good! To be sure."

Vernay looked carefully at the notes, and then, signing the check, handed it over to his companions.

"What time?"

"Oh, at two; and tell her not to talk too much."

He rose and left the room with his companions. I hardly knew when I saw the table vacant whether I had dreamed it or not. I looked at the table, and there was nothing that would help me to realize the truth; but under the table lay a piece of paper. I pounced upon it, and found that it was a piece of blotting paper similar to that I had used in the office, and on it was the thickened impression of the signature of the check. I reached home in a state of anxiety that may easily be imagined, and found my uncle rather worse than usual. He was always a little "comfortable," as kind wives say, toward evening; to-night he was asleep in his arm-chair, and snoring violently. Victorine came down, hearing I had come in.

"Charles, what is the matter with you—you look so ill and pale. What has happened? Do, pray, tell me; so cold, too. Come up stairs, there's a fire in the drawing-room."

She made me go with her—made me take some brandy, and then again asked me what was the matter. I told her. We had reached that delicious stage of affection when, though nothing has been said, it is felt by both that there is but one interest between them. She was almost incredulous at my narration of the incident, as I was myself of having witnessed the scene. I showed her the blotting paper, and it convinced her.

"It's no use telling my father to-night, he has such confidence in M. Vernay that he will not believe it; you must tell him in the morning."

I told him in the morning what I had heard and seen.

"My dear nephew, you must have been very drunk, or else—no, that is not possible, your father's child could not get drunk. I do, myself, sometimes; but he could not deliberately lie. No, my dear Charles, M. Vernay is an old and tried servant of mine, and I will not believe you. I will not insult him by it. You were drunk, Sir, very drunk. Don't let me hear of it again."

I went to my desk an hour afterward. M. Vernay came in with my uncle.

"Charles, did you balance your cash last night?"

"Yes, Sir. I always do."

"It was right?"

"Quite right."

"There's a mistake somewhere," said M. Vernay. "There is missing a sum of 1000 francs."

"It can't be in my accounts, uncle; for here is the book, and here is the balance to correspond."

"True."

"Let me cast it," said Vernay.

He did—520, 346.

"Try that, M. Wardes. I do not make it correct; I make it more."

I cast it again, and it was more by just 1000 francs. I cast it again—521 it was. My uncle cast it—521 it was.

"How is this, Charles? you said you made the balance right. Did you look at your cash last night?"

"I did. I can assert that the balance last night in the book and the cash-box was the same. I can prove it. I posted it, according to M. Vernay's system, in the daily balance-book."

"It is 520 here, M. Wardes."

He handed the book to my uncle. The door opened.

"Well, Francois, what is it?"

"Only that I shall give this to Monsieur Wardes. I have found it in his chamber."

He held out a paper to me; it was a note for 1000 francs.

"Charles, my boy, you should let me know when you want money. M. Vernay, see those books are corrected." And my uncle walked away.

How the day went I do not know. I noticed, however, that M. Vernay once or twice went down to the strong room and brought up some books, and that no woman came for money.

About five o'clock M. Vernay came to me, after the other clerk and my uncle had gone, and said:

"M. Wardes, we have been looking at the accounts of Madame la Marquise ——; will you help me to carry down these books? the porter has gone; I am rather late."

I took the books and followed him down into the basement. He unlocked the outer gate of the outer safe, where the general books were kept, and passed through to the inner safe in which were kept the deeds and valuable securities on which my uncle lent money; this was separated from the outer safe by an iron gate in the daytime, and at night by a solid fire-proof door.

He put his books on the shelf, and requested me to put mine on the same shelf in the proper order. The numbers on the backs were almost illegible, and I was some time, even in the strong gas-light, trying to read them.

"Can I help you, M. Wardes?"

"No, thank you, I've just done."

I put up the last book, and turned to go. The heavy door swung rapidly on its hinges—I heard the spring catch, and the key turn, and I was in black darkness.

"M. Vernay! M. Vernay! The door is shut."

"I know it," said his voice, muffled by its thickness; "you have access to all my books now."

I heard the heavy clash of the door of the outer safe, and then silence, as deep as death, was round me. I did not swoon or faint. I felt I was the victim of a most horrible trick; it was nothing more—I should be released in the morning, and I would make him repent it. I heard presently a hissing sound—it continued; presently I smelled gas. I should never see the morning. I should be stifled with the gas—the plan was clear before me now. An accident—no one knew I helped him with the books—he did not know I was in the safe, and he shut the door. It was purely one of those accidents that will happen.

Still the gas hissed like a serpent before its fatal spring. I must stop that. I felt round the walls for the burner, and soon found it. There was no tap! I remembered now the tap was in the outer safe, and the gas was lighted in the inner one by a long stick between the bars of the gate. My fingers stopped it in a moment, but I could not keep my finger there always. I tried, and the arm became so tired of the contracted position above my head, that I could not keep my finger over it to save my life. I thought of some other plan. To light it—alas! I did not smoke, I had no means to do it; and if I had it would only have consumed the air, every inch of which was precious as life itself. At last I thought of something that would do; I tore some corners off the leaves of a book, chewed them into a pulp, and put it over the holes in the tube, pressing it in hard—the hissing ceased. I climbed the shelves and smelled round the burner—I had one foe the less. I then began to think seriously as to the chances of the air lasting me till released in the morning. In the morning? this was—O God! Saturday! Saturday! Sunday, Monday—two nights and a whole day! There was no hope! I might have lived till the morning, but on Sunday there was no business done, and my absence would be easily accounted for by that horrible mistake in my books.

Two nights and a day—how many hours? To Sunday night at five, twenty-four. To Monday morning at ten, seventeen. Forty-one long hours! Forty-one hours! There was not air enough to last me ten! I felt round the door; it was all but air-proof. If I could make them hear! It was impossible; the house was the other side of a noisy court-yard—I must die! And Victorine! No, no—ten thousand times no! I must live—I will live.

I bethought me of my old store of knowledge. How long could I live without fresh air? How many hours had I in which to reach it? I paced the length and breadth of the room—I measured its height, and found that by breathing only twenty times a minute I might live for thirteen hours; that would be till six o'clock on Sunday morning; and after that I must have air—air was life. I must bore through the walls, the lock was impregnable. The walls of brick would yield to tools. Tools! mockery! I had but a penknife—a toy—and I had thirteen hours to get through a wall at least two feet thick. It was a work of years, not hours. Tools! A long pointed bar and a hammer. I remembered to have seen a mason boring through a wall at my father's with such tools. My penknife was two inches long. The gas-burner! I tried it; it was soft brass, my knife cut it readily. It might work through beside the gas-pipe. The man surely bored a larger hole than the pipe would fill. I felt the pipe where it went round the wall, and then pricked the wall with my knife—the cement with which the hole had been filled round the pipe was harder than the wall itself.

In tracing my way round the room my hand touched the gate. I was saved! I never felt such a sensation as when my hand touched that gate. It was rapture! bliss! I had despaired—I was

now full of hope. I passed my hand carefully over the gate; I felt one of the bars, they were of round iron, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and after running through the frame-work of the gate were pointed at the end. But to get them out of that frame-work! I pulled one. It yielded a little, and then mocked at my efforts. I must have a hammer. I felt carefully round the walls again. The shelves were all let into the walls—there was nothing! I felt again, and close to the gate the shelf had been cut away to allow the gate to roll back, and the shelves were supported on brackets. If those brackets were wrought-iron I was helpless—cast-iron might save me yet. I felt them carefully and compared them; if they were wrought, they would be unlike in some points—if cast, alike in all. I knew now what the touch of the blind must be, so full of instruction to the mind.

They were cast-iron, not a trace of difference could be found. One more sign and I was certain; if cast, they would be cast in a mould, and there would be a slight roughness in the casting where the halves of the mould had been joined. I felt again. There was the roughness—the same in both. And now to break them off. A blow, a heavy blow, alone could do it. I remembered to have noticed, when putting away the books, a small chest of apparently solid iron on one of the shelves. I sought for it and found it; it was heavy, nearly the fourth of a hundredweight I thought. I poised it carefully, and felt I had strength enough to throw it with an aim. I cleared away the books from the slate shelf which rested on one of these brackets, and then measuring carefully the distance, threw the chest on to it. It fell short, and crashed on the floor.

Once more I tried, and this time successfully. The missile smashed the shelf into pieces. I kicked and beat away the smaller fragments till the bracket stood out from the wall by itself. And now came the test of my skill. If I threw once at the bracket in that black darkness I threw twenty times or more; at last, one fortunately-directed blow, and I had the joy of hearing it ring on the pavement of the room.

I had now a hammer—awkward it is true—still a tool that would give a blow with a certain force.

I struck again and again at the bars of the gate, they yielded as the other had done and then were fast. I sank down exhausted with my useless efforts. Why did they not yield? I could give no more force to the blow—to throw the chest at them would be useless; the size would spread the blow over two or three of the bars, and the force would be lost. I must cut through one of the bars in the middle and thus wrench out the half I needed. How had I seen men cut through iron? With files—I could not hope for these. I remembered to have heard of prisoners who cut through iron bars with a watch spring—by what horrible fatality was my watch at that moment in the case on my dressing-table. A watch spring—a thin piece of steel. Would iron do? It might. In almost less time than it takes to tell I had broken up one of the sheet-iron deed boxes, and by carefully bending a piece of it backward and forward on the sharp edge of the chest I had used as a missile. I obtained a strip about the length of my hand, and two fingers broad, and with this I commenced sawing one of the bars. Half an hour's hard work produced no impression on the bar, and had turned up the edge of the soft sheet-iron on both sides.

If it had been a question of saws, I could have turned ten deed boxes into a hundred saws to cut through that one bar. Alas! it was no such thing, the saw would not cut; and then sprung up before me the vision of a large yard with blocks of stone and the motion to and fro of the suspended saw of the stone sawyer, and his little trickling water barrel and heap of sand. Once more I went to work. I broke off a corner of one of the stone shelves (the lower ones were of stone the upper of slate), pounded it fine with my hammer, and then wetting the edge of the saw with saliva, I strewed the pounded stone upon it. I felt the saw become steadier and steadier, and at last I could feel with my nail a little nick in the bar. I worked for nearly three hours at this one bar, changing my saw when it was worn hollow for another and another till I had worn out six of them. I was nearly through—another half hour and I should be quite through; yet it might break off now with a blow—it might—and it might leave a ragged end to my chisel that would destroy half the force of my blows when I came to bore through the wall; I would not strike, but kept on patiently, and at last the saw went through. I seized the end, and in a few minutes I held in my hand the instrument of my deliverance.

The air of the room had by this time become close and stifling, and it was only by stooping that I could breathe freely.

I had still, as far as I could judge, some five hours left—in those I must accomplish my deliverance or die.

I now commenced sounding with my hammer for the least solid part of the wall.

In striking it on a part nearly opposite the shelves cut out for the gate, I thought I heard it sound hollow, I struck again and again without success; it all seemed alike. Once more I determined to strike over the whole space I had previously struck; this I did, and found the spot about the size of a penny piece from which the sound came. I then carefully felt the wall in the neighborhood, and found a rough indented line ran from this place round the angle of the wall, and on the wall in the same line were three small holes in a circle. I decided at once that this was the place of some burner fixed, and afterward removed; the rough line was the mark left by the pipe, and the hollow place must be the hole through which the old pipe entered the room. I drove the chisel into the place and found it hard—very hard, but still hollow. My life now hung upon the choice of a right place; if this hole was filled up with the hard cement, and the difference of sound arose merely from difference in density, then I had better try the wall over for a brick softer than the rest; but if it was not full—if those who should have filled it had put but a few inches of cement at each end of the hole; then in another hour I was as safe as if I were free. I would risk it. That hollow sound was so cheery, that I *would* believe that it must be a true guide.

Blow after blow, and the hole grew deep, and my progress less as my control over the point of the instrument lessened, when one sudden, sharp blow drove the chisel into the wall the length of my arm. The place was hollow. I had now but to drive it through the crust of cement on the outer wall, and I should live. I drove it cautiously and carefully, and at last heard the echo of the pieces falling on the other side, and drawing out the chisel, felt the air rush in. How can words convey the sensation I experienced as I drew in the God-given breath of life! I could now defy Death; there was a fountain at which I might drink and live.

For hours I sat close to the hole and breathed, and then fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I awoke sore and tired, and with a horrible hunger and thirst on me. I could not have many more hours to stay, so I hoped on, and tightened my belt to ease the gnawing pain at my stomach. And now began the horrors of solitude; while I had employment for the mind I felt no pain of any kind; now I was going mad with anxiety and fear. I must find some employment. And what? in this utter darkness. But if darkness, why not light? Yes, I would have light. For this I must enlarge the hole, and went to work again with blistered hands, and in two hours had enlarged it to twice its original diameter, and had consequently four times as much air flowing in.

My next step was to grate from the edges of a book a paper powder for tinder, and spreading this on the ground in a heap, I struck with the point of my hammer the stone shelf above it. The sparks flew about at the contact, but it was at least an hour before one lodged in the heap and set it smouldering. I watched anxiously as the little red ring grew larger and brighter in the heap, and then applying a piece of thin paper rolled to a fine point to the centre of the ring, I gently blew the redness into flame—yes, flame! Real flame, that blinded me by its brightness, that seemed to pierce my brain with a sword, so long and deep had been the darkness.

I took my paper stop from off the gas and heard the serpent hiss once more—this time without fear. I lit the issuing gas, and then sat looking at it as Bartimeus might have done in the joy of his new-found sight.

I had done—I had light and air; but still I must have employment or I should rave.

Employment. The thought came to me of that unfortunate sentence that had caused me to run this risk: "If I had access to his books I would prove that fraud was possible."

There they were—every one; not one missing. Could I prove it? Could—I must—my good name depended on proving it. If he were true, I was false. I set to work, and with my pencil, which I happily had with me, I went through account after account from beginning to end, and well was I rewarded; for I learned that my uncle, supposed to be rich, had been systematically robbed for years by this scoundrel, and was now almost ruined; and that his daughter's portion, invested in English securities, had been sold out, and the interest paid by M. Vernay himself, so that father and daughter were at the mercy of this man.

These facts I learned from a small locked book that was in a box marked with M. Vernay's name. So confident had the servant been of his master's trust in him that he had left in that master's safe the whole of the securities of his nefarious investments, and there they were, with a systematic account of them in this locked book; so that while the master, who was supposed to be worth his hundreds of thousands, was almost a bankrupt, his clerk was a man of immense wealth.

When I broke the lock of that book and read down its columns I felt a joy and a pleasure that would have enabled me again to endure what I had suffered if it would have led to the same result.

I made notes of the whole affair, and took the securities into my possession, and then calmly waited long, long hours; I could not tell how long, for I was waked up from a kind of stupor by the sound of a door opening, and then I heard the voice I knew so well—that of M. Vernay.

"You need not stay; I can bring up all I need. Give me a lucifer."

He was speaking to the porter. I heard the muffled-sounding footsteps; I heard the key turn in the lock; and then, as the door opened, I stood face to face with my foe, and where he expected to find darkness and death he found light and life. He saw me—saw in my hand his book that contained the secrets of a lifetime, with the lock forced—saw his schemes defeated, and himself an outcast. It was too much for his mind. He shrieked a cry of mingled horror and fear, and fell forward in the door-way as if he were dead.

I went up stairs to the office, said to the porter, "M. Vernay is below in the strong-room; go down and see to him," and went over to the house.

I suffered a long illness, during the whole of which Victorine was my nurse, and, thanks to that and a good constitution, I recovered, and got up such a clear case against M. Vernay that the whole of the property I had rescued was restored to my uncle.

To M. Vernay this was a matter of indifference, for his mind never recovered the shock, and he spent the short remainder of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The mistake of the thousand francs was easily explained by the application of a magnifying glass to the figures. He had cleverly altered the *one* to a *nought*, and bribed Francois to put the missing note into my room.

Need I add that I am now in possession of my uncle's business, and blessed by my Victorine's constant presence; and further, that my present strong-room can be opened from the inside with perfect ease?

PARTING FOREVER.

SWEET, let me touch your hand;
Your little hand, with its fair rosy palm
And slender wrist, where the full pulse beats calm:
Sweet, let me touch your hand!

And let me kiss your lips;
Soft, ruby lips, that half conceal the pearl,
And half disclose it, in their dainty curl:
Sweet, let me kiss your lips!

Ah, well; we're parting now!
What has become of all the love you swore
Should be my own forever, evermore,
When we are parting now?

Not let me *touch* your hand?
Well, I remember when it lay at rest
In mine, a whole long summer's day caress'd—
And now not *touch* your hand?

Think of your broken vow.
You swore, with pretty oaths, as maidens do,
"By our last kiss, I will be true to you."
Think of that broken vow.

What! not a word to say?
Ah, faithless sweet! you turn away your head,
And bite your lip until it glows more red;
But not one word to say!

Well then, clasp hands and part.
I see the angry blood flush in your cheek.
Ah, child! I thought you strong, and you are weak.
Let us clasp hands and part.

Some time the day may come,
Poor, fickle heart, when you will moan, and weep
True tears from faithless eyes that can not sleep—
Some time the day must come.

And so, weak heart, good-by!
When that day comes you will remember me;
Thinking it might have been, but may not be!
And so good-by—good-by!

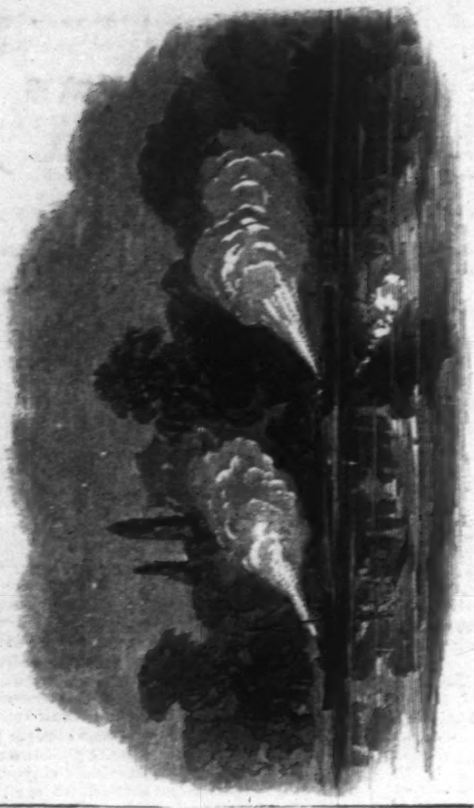
CHAPERONS.

IT is a happy characteristic of our generation that philanthropic persons are not satisfied with relieving the suffering that thrusts itself upon their notice, but are constantly hunting for new kinds of misery to succor. So long as this benevolent spirit is abroad, we can not doubt that, sooner or later, the patient afflictions of the chaperon will attract its notice. Why should not her emancipation be attempted, now that we have emancipated every other enslaved or oppressed race? Is she not a woman and a sister, or, at least, a female relative? Why is she to be the only slave in the country?

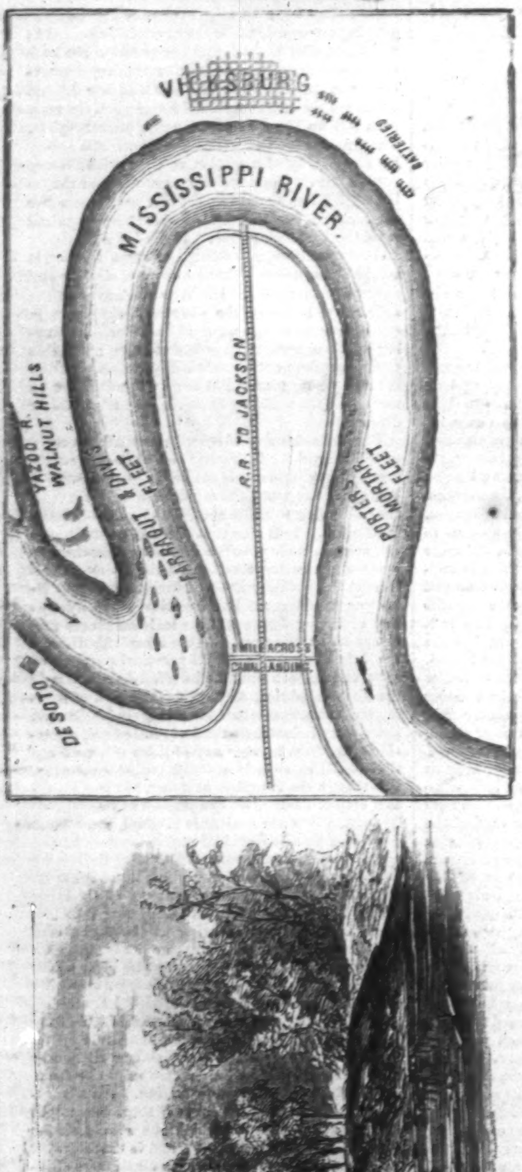
Many curious kinds of villenage or serfdom grew up under the feudal system, and many curious rights prevailed under them. There was the right of feeding your cows upon a peasant's vineyard, and there was the right of opening a peasant and putting your feet inside him to keep them warm when you came home from hunting, and there were other rights more irritating still, the mention of which is only suitable for an antiquarian's pages. But the only one of these rights that appears to have survived to the present day is the villenage of the chaperon. The persons to whom it is incident are mothers of marriageable daughters until the possibility implied in that adjective is converted into a fact. The suit and service required under it is very severe. It is commonly performed at the hour when the human race in general are in bed. Under it the villein chaperon is bound to follow her liege young lady, at any hour of the evening at which she may be summoned, to dinner, party, or ball (generally the latter), there to sit or stand, as circumstances may require, for any number of hours, until such time of the night or morning as it shall please the aforesaid liege young lady to go home. The atmosphere in which this service is to be performed approaches as nearly to that of the Black Hole of Calcutta as the difference of climate will permit. No fatigue is admitted as an excuse either for not obeying the summons to go out, or for desiring to get back home to bed. Unless the liege young lady happens to be of an unusually merciful disposition, physical infirmity confers no exemption upon the villein. The only alleviation allowed to her is the relaxation of exchanging scandalous stories with other unhappy females in the same condition as herself, who may be standing by her side on the staircase, or ranged together with her along the wall, in the common performance of their long and toilsome duty. If her strength should fail her in the trial she must not look for mercy. One of the worst evils of slavery is the cruelty it begets in the master's heart. The young lady knows that her mother was created for no other purpose except to wait in corners or on staircases while she dances and flirts into the small hours of the night; and she has no notion of setting a divine institution at naught from any misplaced feelings of compassion.

Whether this is exactly the old people's view of the institution of chaperonage, we will not undertake to say; but it certainly is the young people's, and that, after all, is the important matter. The theory, which in former ages prevailed, that mothers underwent all the fatigue of the office as a favor to their daughters, is now quite obsolete. The subject has been more fully studied, and the object for which mothers exist is much better understood in the present day than it used to be in days of less enlightenment. They are not ornamental, nor, as a general rule, useful. It is obvious at first sight that they are not allowed to exist because they are pretty to look at. Nor do they exist for the sake of bringing up their daughters. Such a theory would be much too humiliating for the daughter to endure, and is certainly much too troublesome to be needlessly pressed on her by the mother. No doubt the use of mothers must be a profound mystery to young ladies while they are still in the hands of masters and governesses. But directly they come out of the schoolroom the mystery is solved. They recognize the wonderful adaptation by which a use is found for all created things, even the most useless; and they see at once that the final cause of mothers is to take young ladies out. For their part, they lose no opportunity of giving a full effect to this providential arrangement. The mothers submit meekly and do as they are told. They belonged to a generation when girls were admired for being languishing and helpless, and were trained accordingly; and they are, consequently, wholly incompetent to contend with the robust and athletic natures which the healthier taste of our age has developed in the existing race of young ladies. So they go unresistingly whenever the summons is issued; and if they are fortunate enough to get inside, are packed in tightly-fitted rows against the wall. There they contrive to exist in a semi-torpid condition, staring sleepily at the undulating mass before them, half-stifled by the atmosphere and each other's crinolines, until their daughters are satiated with the pleasures of that almost stationary embrace which in England is called a valse. Then, when their ordeal is over, they wearily rumble home by the morning's light, trying to remember where the next night's torture is to be passed. The wan complexion and pendulous cheeks which, about this time of the year, a well-employed chaperon begins to exhibit, would melt any but the stony heart of a fashionable daughter. The only consolation to them is the hope they constantly cherish that some day or other, in consequence of these exertions, they may transfer the duty of attending upon their pleasure-loving daughters to some deluded partner, and then their nocturnal servitude may be at an end. Of course this release sometimes does take place, but not so often as might be wished. There are few cases more pitiable than that of the veteran but unemancipated chaperon, whose daughters can not get married. Season after season they have to congratulate fellow-laborers who have escaped, while they remain in bondage; and night after night they have to follow the half-old-maid daughters, crosser and more desperate every year, to the scene of their fruitless labors. These are the cases we should recommend the most earnestly to the consideration of philanthropists. The emancipation of worn-out chaperons is surely an aim worthy of a section in the Social Science Association. There are many charities for the relief of far less deserving objects. Of course the machinery must differ slightly from the recognized machinery of such bodies. Instead of a Secretary and a Committee, and a Solicitor and a Banker, it would be necessary to have a corps of eligible and devoted young men. For it is obvious that the only mode in which the distressed chaperons in question could be emancipated would be by marrying off their unmarriageable daughters; and this would certainly entail some self-sacrifice upon the devoted young men. But surely it would not be more than the suffering to be relieved might fairly demand.

But if the chivalry of the young men is not equal to the scheme for liberating the chaperon, surely something might be done to alleviate her sufferings. We can quite sympathize with the reluctance of the ball-going world to abandon this time-honored institution. It is true that she is of no use. She can only, in reality, watch over her young charge's proceedings in the carriage on their way to and from the entertainment—at which time that amiable young person rarely misconducts herself in the way of flirting, for want of the male assistance necessary for that process. In the crowded ball-room itself the chaperon is, for all practical purposes of supervision, both blind and deaf. As she sits in the chaperons' row, an impenetrable veil of floating tarlatan prevents her from seeing tender glances, and a very industrious band of music equally precludes her from hearing any of those soft nothings that distill so sweetly through curled mustaches. But though she is useless as a fact, she is splendid as a fiction. She gives the shadow of respectability, and, where the reality is slipping away from us so very fast, it would be improvident to let the appearance go at the same time. But though we would never dream of abolishing the chaperon, surely there might be some economy of the labor employed, and therefore of the suffering inflicted. To sit against a wall staring at the backs of a crowd is an occupation which, no doubt, brings a great deal of moral heroism into play, but which does not require a great many hands, or rather eyes, to perform it. As a mere symbol or emblem of respectability, one old lady could fulfill the duty as well as a hundred. She might be told off for the service by an arrangement among the young ladies themselves, or a poor widow might be found to take the office for a consideration. An advantage of this plan would be that a little gallery might be provided for her, in which she should sit far above the heads of the crowd; and in that elevated position she would not only be a much more striking and conspicuous symbol of the respectability of the entertainment, but for the purpose of watching the proceedings she would be much more efficient than any number of wearied mothers along the wall below. She would not be engrossed by the occupation of struggling for breathing space, but would have full leisure for noting the manœuvres of the charming couples in the centre of the room. It would only be a revival of the plan by which abbesses of old used to chaperon their nuns. It does not differ very much from the mode in which constituencies keep watch over the frail beings whom they send to bear a part in the mazy dance of Parliament. The tendency toward unauthorized flirtations, and the danger of objectionable alliances, is greater there than in any ball-room; but, on the whole, the chaperons who sit in the reporters' gallery contrive to maintain to a very considerable extent the respectability of their charges. Fortified by such precedents, we can not but hope that we may live to see the adoption of a reform by which such a vast amount of anile misery will be saved.

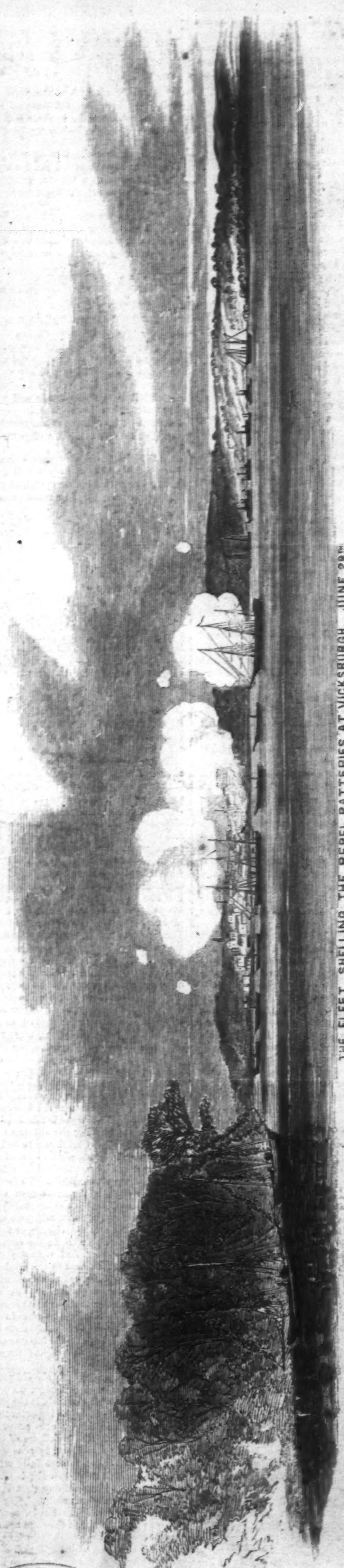


MORTAR-BOATS FIRING ON THE CITY AT NIGHT.

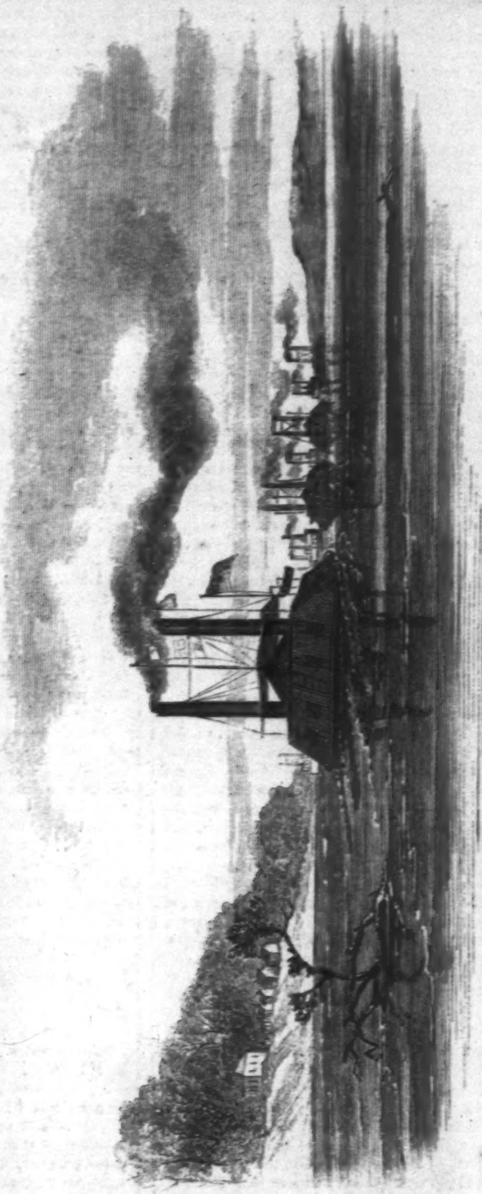


POSITION OF THE FLEETS ABOVE AND BELOW THE CITY.

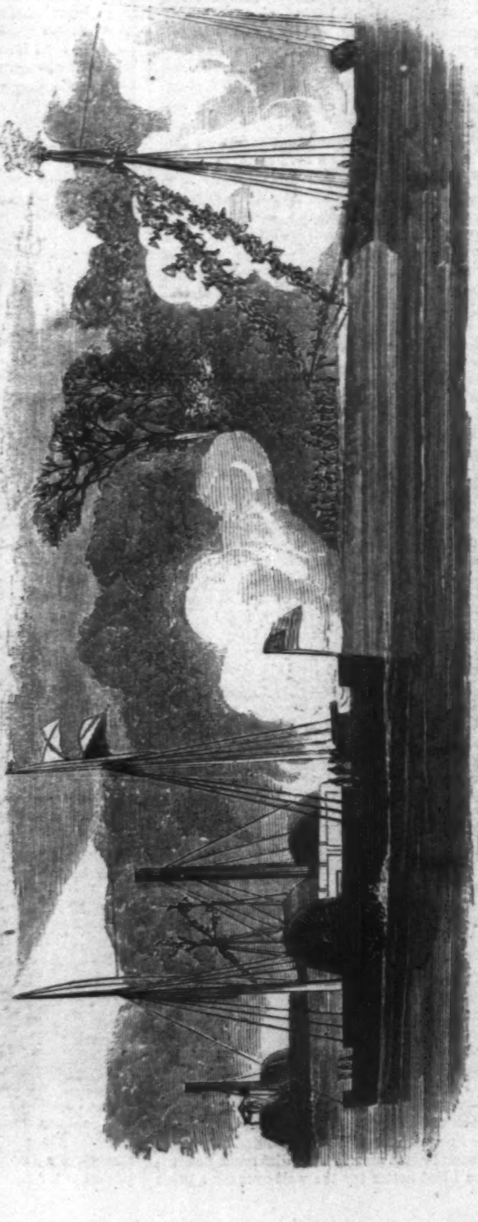
CUTTING A CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.



THE FLEET SHELLING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT VICKSBURGH, JUNE 28TH

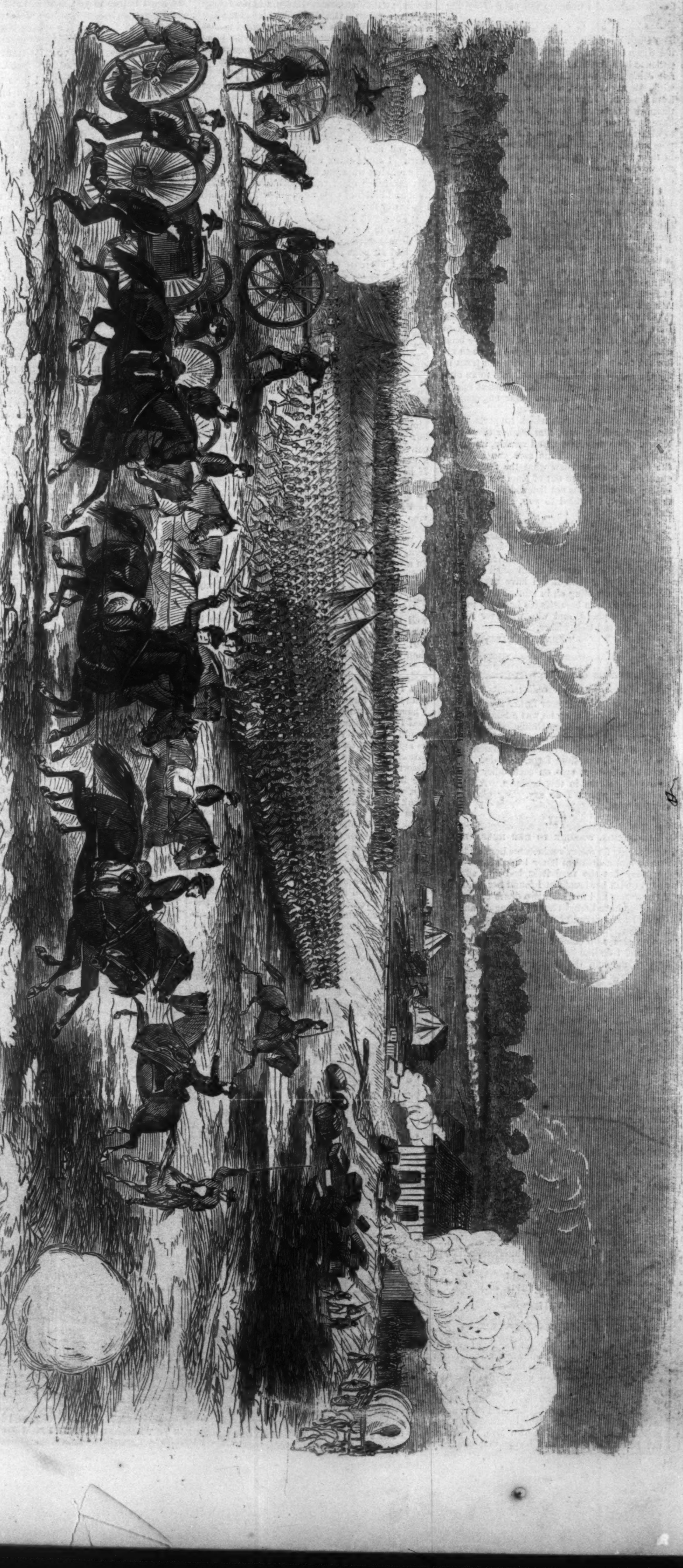


COM. DAVIS'S FLEET ON ITS WAY DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.



ATTACK UPON THE MORTAR-FLEET BY REBEL LAND FORCES.

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION, SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1862.—SUMNER REPULSING THE REBELS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

[*Extract from the Advertising Columns of The Times.*]

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND is requested to mention (by advertisement) an address at which a letter can reach him. The receipt of the information which he offers will be acknowledged by a reward of Five Pounds."

II.

FROM CAPTAIN WRAGGE TO MAGDALEN.

"BIRMINGHAM, *July* 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR GIRL,—The box containing the articles of costume which you took away by mistake has come safely to hand. Consider it under my special protection until I hear from you again.

"I embrace this opportunity to assure you once more of my unalterable fidelity to your interests. Without attempting to intrude myself into your confidence, may I inquire whether Mr. Noel Vanstone has consented to do you justice? I greatly fear he has declined—in which case I can lay my hand on my heart, and solemnly declare that his meanness revolts me. Why do I feel a foreboding that you have appealed to him in vain? Why do I find myself viewing this fellow in the light of a noxious insect? We are total strangers to each other; I have no sort of knowledge of him, except the knowledge I picked up in making your inquiries. Has my intense sympathy with your interests made my perceptions prophetic? or, to put it fancifully, is there really such a thing as a former state of existence? and has Mr. Noel Vanstone mortally insulted me—say, in some other planet?"

"I write, my dear Magdalen, as you see, with my customary dash of humor. But I am serious in placing my services at your disposal. Don't let the question of terms cause you an instant's hesitation. I accept, beforehand, any terms you like to mention. If your present plans point that way, I am ready to squeeze Mr. Noel Vanstone, in your interests, till the gold oozes out of him at every pore. Pardon the coarseness of this metaphor. My anxiety to be of service to you rushes into words, lays my meaning in the rough at your feet, and leaves your taste to polish it with the choicest ornaments of the English language.

"How is my unfortunate wife? I am afraid you find it quite impossible to keep her up at heel, or to mould her personal appearance into harmony with the eternal laws of symmetry and order. Does she attempt to be too familiar with you? I have always been accustomed to check her in this respect. She has never been permitted to call me any thing but Captain; and on the rare occasions, since our union, when circumstances may have obliged her to address me by letter, her opening form of salutation has been rigidly restricted to 'Dear Sir.' Accept these trifling domestic particulars as suggesting hints which may be useful to you in managing Mrs. Wragge; and believe me, in anxious expectation of hearing from you again,

"Devotedly yours,

"HORATIO WRAGGE."

III.

FROM NORAH TO MAGDALEN.

[*Forwarded, with the Two Letters that follow it, from the Post-office, Birmingham.*]

"WESTMORELAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON, *July* 1.

"MY DEAREST MAGDALEN,—When you write next (and pray write soon!) address your letter to me at Miss Garth's. I have left my situation, and some little time may elapse before I find another.

"Now it is all over, I may acknowledge to you, my darling, that I was not happy. I tried hard to win the affection of the two little girls I had to teach; but they seemed, I am sure I can't tell why, to dislike me from the first. Their mother I have no reason to complain of. But their grandmother, who was really the ruling power in the house, made my life very hard to me. My inexperience in teaching was a constant subject of remark with her; and my difficulties with the children were always visited on me as if they had been entirely of my own making. I tell you this, so that you may not suppose I regret having left my situation. Far from it, my love—I am glad to be out of the house.

"I have saved a little money, Magdalen, and I should so like to spend it in staying a few days with you! My heart aches for a sight of my sister; my ears are weary for the sound of her voice. A word from you, telling me where we can meet, is all I want. Think of it—pray think of it!

"Don't suppose I am discouraged by this first check. There are many kind people in the world, and some of them may employ me next time. The way to happiness is often very hard to find—harder, I almost think, for women than for men. But if we only try patiently, and try long enough, we reach it at last—in Heaven, if not on earth. I think my way now is the way

which leads to seeing you again. Don't forget that, my love, the next time you think of

"NORAH."

IV.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MAGDALEN.

"WESTMORELAND HOUSE, July 1.

"MY DEAR MAGDALEN,—You have no useless remonstrances to apprehend at the sight of my handwriting. My only object in this letter is to tell you something which I know your sister will not tell you of her own accord. She is entirely ignorant that I am writing to you. Keep her in ignorance, if you wish to spare her unnecessary anxiety, and me unnecessary distress.

"Norah's letter, no doubt, tells you that she has left her situation. I feel it my painful duty to add that she has left it on your account.

"The matter occurred in this manner: Messrs. Wyatt, Pendril, and Gwilt are the solicitors of the gentleman in whose family Norah was employed. The life which you have chosen for yourself was known, as long ago as December last, to all the partners. You were discovered performing in public at Derby by the person who had been employed to trace you at York; and that discovery was communicated by Mr. Wyatt to Norah's employer a few days since, in reply to direct inquiries about you on that gentleman's part. His wife and his mother (who lives with him) had expressly desired that he would make those inquiries, their doubts having been aroused by Norah's evasive answers when they questioned her about her sister. You know Norah too well to blame her for this. Evasion was the only escape your present life had left her from telling a downright falsehood.

"That same day the two ladies of the family, the elder and the younger, sent for your sister, and told her they had discovered that you were a public performer, roaming from place to place in the country, under an assumed name. They were just enough not to blame Norah for this; they were just enough to acknowledge that her conduct had been as irreproachable as I had guaranteed it should be when I got her the situation. But, at the same time, they made it a positive condition of her continuing in their employment that she should never permit you to visit her at their house, or to meet her and walk out with her when she was in attendance on the children. Your sister—who has patiently borne all hardships that fell on herself—instantly resented the slur cast on *you*. She gave her employers warning on the spot. High words followed, and she left the house that evening.

"I have no wish to distress you by representing the loss of this situation in the light of a disaster. Norah was not so happy in it as I had hoped and believed she would be. It was impossible for me to know beforehand that the children were sullen and intractable, or that the husband's mother was accustomed to make her domineering disposition felt by every one in the house. I will readily admit that Norah is well out of this situation. But the harm does not stop here. For all you and I know to the contrary, the harm may go on. What has happened in this situation may happen in another. Your way of life, however pure your conduct may be—and I will do you the justice to believe it pure—is a suspicious way of life to all respectable people. I have lived long enough in this world to know that the Sense of Propriety, in nine Englishwomen out of ten, makes no allowances and feels no pity. Norah's next employers may discover you, and Norah may throw up a situation next time which we may never be able to find for her again.

"I leave you to consider this. My child! don't think I am hard on you. I am jealous for your sister's tranquillity. If you will forget the past, Magdalen, and come back—trust to your old governess to forget it too, and to give you the home which your father and mother once gave her.

"Your friend, my dear, always,

"HARRIET GARTH."

V.

FROM FRANCIS CLARE, JUN., TO MAGDALEN.

"SHANGHAI, CHINA, April 23, 1847.

"MY DEAR MAGDALEN,—I have deferred answering your letter in consequence of the distracted state of my mind, which made me unfit to write to you. I am still unfit—but I feel I ought to delay no longer. My sense of honor fortifies me, and I undergo the pain of writing this letter.

"My prospects in China are all at an end. The Firm to which I was brutally consigned as if I was a bale of merchandise has worn out my patience by a series of petty insults, and I have felt compelled, from motives of self-respect, to withdraw my services, which were undervalued from the first. My returning to England, under these circumstances, is out of the question. I have been too cruelly used in my own country to wish to go back to it, even if I could. I propose embarking on board a private trading vessel in these seas, in a mercantile capacity, to make my way, if I can, for myself. How it will end, or what will happen to me next, is more than I can say. It matters little what becomes of me. I am a wanderer and an exile, entirely through the fault of others. The unfeeling desire at home to get rid of me has accomplished its object. I am got rid of for good.

"There is only one more sacrifice left for me to make—the sacrifice of my heart's dearest feelings. With no prospects before me, with no chance of coming home, what hope can I feel of performing my engagement to yourself? None! A more selfish man than I am might hold you to that engagement; a less considerate man than I am might keep you waiting for years, and to no purpose after all. Cruelly as they have been trampled on, my feelings are too sensitive to allow me to do this. I write it with the tears in my eyes—you shall not link your fate to an outcast. Accept these heart-broken lines as releasing you from your promise. Our engagement is at an end.

"The one consolation which supports me in bidding you farewell is, that neither of us is to blame. You may have acted weakly, under my father's influence, but I am sure you acted for the best. Nobody knew what the fatal consequences of driving me out of England would be but myself, and I was not listened to. I yielded to my father, I yielded to you, and this is the end of it!

"I am suffering too acutely to write more. May you never know what my withdrawal from our engagement has cost me! I beg you will not blame yourself. It is not your fault that I have had all my energies misdirected by others—it is not your fault that I have never had a fair chance of getting on in life. Forget the deserted wretch who breathes his heartfelt prayers for your happiness, and who will ever remain your friend and well-wisher,

"FRANCIS CLARE, JUN."

VI.

FROM FRANCIS CLARE, SEN., TO MAGDALEN.

(*Inclosing the Preceding Letter.*)

"I always told your poor father my son was a Fool; but I never knew he was a Scoundrel until the mail came in from China. I have every reason to believe that he has left his employers under the most disgraceful circumstances. Forget him from this time forth, as I do. When you and I last set eyes on each other you behaved well to me in this business. All I can now say in return I do say. My girl, I am sorry for you. F. C."

VII.

FROM MRS. WRAGGE TO HER HUSBAND.

"dear sir for mercy's sake come here and help us She had a dreadful letter I don't know what yesterday but she read it in bed and when I went in with her breakfast I found her dead and if the doctor had not been two doors off nobody else could have brought her to life again and she sits and looks dreadful and wont speak a word her eyes frighten me so I shake from head to foot oh please do come I keep things as tidy as I can and I do like her so and she used to be so kind to me and the landlord says he's afraid she'll destroy herself I wish I could write straight but I do shake so your dutiful wife matilda wragge excuse faults and beg you on my knees come and help us the Doctor good man will put some of his own writing into this for fear you can't make out mine and remain once more your dutiful wife matilda wragge."

[*Added by the Doctor.*]

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that I was yesterday called in to a neighbor's, in Vauxhall Walk, to attend a young lady who had been suddenly taken ill. I recovered her with great difficulty from one of the most obstinate fainting fits I ever remember to have met with. Since that time she has had no relapse, but there is apparently some heavy distress weighing on her mind, which it has hitherto been found impossible to remove. She sits, as I am informed, perfectly silent and perfectly unconscious of what goes on about her, for hours together, with a letter in her hand, which she will allow nobody to take from her. If this state of depression continues very distressing mental consequences may follow; and I only do my duty in suggesting that some relative or friend should interfere, who has influence enough to rouse her.

"Your obedient servant,

"RICHARD JARVIS, M.R.C.S."

VIII.

FROM NORAH TO MAGDALEN.

"July 5.

"For God's sake, write me one line to say if you are still at Birmingham, and where I can find you there! I have just heard from old Mr. Clare. Oh, Magdalen, if you have no pity on yourself, have some pity on me! The thought of you alone among strangers, the thought of you heart-broken under this dreadful blow, never leaves me for an instant. No words can tell how I feel for you! My own love, remember the better days at home before that cowardly villain stole his way into your heart; remember the happy time at Combe-Raven, when we were always together. Oh, don't, don't treat me like a stranger! We are alone in the world now—let me come and comfort you—let me be more than a sister to you, if I can. One line—only one line to tell me where I can find you!"

IX.

FROM MAGDALEN TO NORAH.

"July 7.

"MY DEAREST NORAH,—All that your love for me can wish your letter has done. You, and you alone, have found your way to my heart. I could think again, I could feel again, after reading what you have written to me. Let this assurance quiet your anxieties. My mind lives and breathes once more—it was dead until I got your letter.

"The shock I have suffered has left a strange quietness in me. I feel as if I had parted from my former self—as if the hopes, once so dear to me, had all gone back to some past time, from which I am now far removed. I can look at the wreck of my life more calmly, Norah, than you could look at it if we were both together again. I can trust myself already to write of Frank.

"My darling, I think no woman ever knows how utterly she has given herself up to the man she loves until that man has ill-treated her. Can you pity my weakness if I confess to having felt a pang at my heart, when I read that part of your letter which calls Frank a coward and a villain? Nobody can despise me for this, as I despise myself. I am like a dog who crawls back and licks the master's hand that has beaten him. But it is so—I would confess it to nobody but you—indeed, indeed it is so. He has deceived and deserted me; he has written me a cruel farewell—but don't call him a villain! If he repented and came back to me I would die rather than marry him now, but it grates on me to see that word coward written against him in your hand! If he is weak of purpose, who tried his weakness beyond what it could bear? Do you think this would have happened if Michael Vanstone had not robbed us of our own, and forced Frank away from me to China? In a week from to-day the year of waiting would have come to an end; and I should have been Frank's wife, if my marriage portion had not been taken from me.

"You will say, after what has happened, it is well that I have escaped. My love! there is something perverse in my heart which answers, No! Better have been Frank's wretched wife than the free woman I am now.

"I have not written to him. He sends me no address at which I could write even if I would. But I have not the wish. I will wait before I send him *my* farewell. If a day ever comes when I have the fortune which my father once promised I should bring to him—do you know what I would do with it? I would send it all to Frank, as my revenge on him for his letter; as the last farewell word, on my side, to the man who has deserted me. Let me live for that day! Let me live, Norah, in the hope of better times for *you*, which is all the hope I have left. When I think of your hard life, I can almost feel the tears once more in my weary eyes—I can almost think I have come back again to my former self.

"You will not think me hard-hearted and ungrateful if I say that we must wait a little yet before we meet? I want to be more fit to see you than I am now. I want to put Frank farther away from me, and to bring you nearer still. Are these good reasons? I don't know—don't ask me for reasons. Take the kiss I have put for you here, where the little circle is drawn on the paper, and let that bring us together for the present, till I write again. Good-by, my love. My heart is true to you, Norah, but I dare not see you yet. MAGDALEN."

X.

FROM MAGDALEN TO MISS GARTH.

"July 15.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—I have been long in answering your letter; but you know what has happened, and you will forgive me.

"All that I have to say may be said in few words. You may depend on my never making the general Sense of Propriety my enemy again: I am getting knowledge enough of the world to make it my accomplice next time. Norah will never leave another situation on my account—my life, as a public performer, is at an end. It was harmless enough, God knows—I may live, and so may you, to mourn the day when I parted from it—but I shall never return to it again. It has left me, as Frank has left me, as all my better thoughts have left me—except my thoughts of Norah.

"Enough of myself! Shall I tell you some news to brighten this dull letter? Mr. Michael Vanstone is dead, and Mr. Noel Vanstone has succeeded to the possession of my fortune and Norah's. He is quite worthy of his inheritance. In his father's place he would have ruined us as his father did.

"I have no more to say that you would care to know. Don't be distressed about me. I am trying to recover my spirits—I am trying to forget the poor deluded girl who was foolish enough to be fond of Frank, in the old days at Combe-Raven. Sometimes a pang comes which tells me the girl won't be forgotten—but not often.

"It was very kind of you, when you wrote to such a lost creature as I am, to sign yourself—*always my friend?* 'Always' is a bold word, my dear old governess! I wonder whether you will ever want to recall it? It will make no difference if you do, in the gratitude I shall always feel for the trouble you took with me when I was a little girl. I have ill repaid that trouble—ill repaid your kindness to me in after-life. I ask your pardon and your pity. The best thing you can do for both of us is to forget me. Affectionately yours, MAGDALEN.

"P.S.—I open the envelope to add one line. For God's sake, don't show this letter to Norah!"

XI.

FROM MAGDALEN TO CAPTAIN WRAGGE.

"VAUXHALL WALK, July 17.

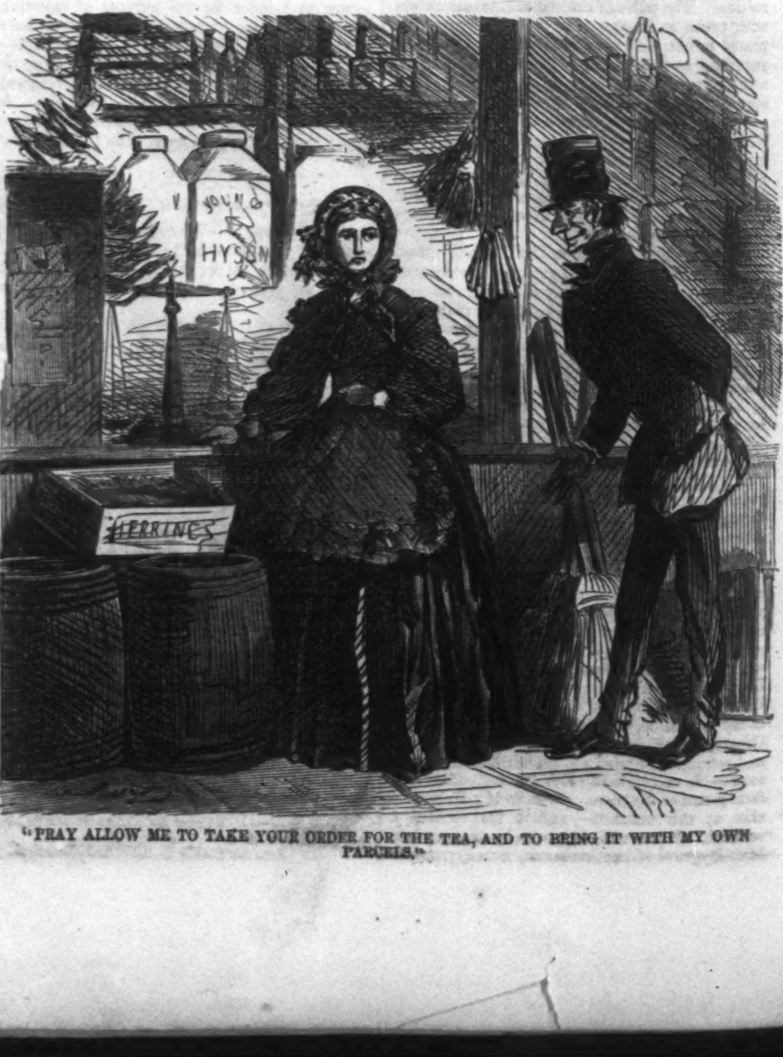
"If I am not mistaken, it was arranged that I should write to you at Birmingham, as soon as I felt myself composed enough to think of the future. My mind is settled at last, and I am now able to accept the services which you have unreservedly offered to me.

"I beg you will forgive the manner in which I received you, on your arrival in this house, after hearing the news of my sudden illness. I was quite incapable of controlling myself—I was suffering an agony of mind which for the time deprived me of my senses. It is only your due that I should now thank you for treating me with great forbearance, at a time when forbearance was mercy.

"I will mention what I wish you to do, as plainly and briefly as I can.

"In the first place, I request you to dispose (as privately as possible) of every article of costume used in the dramatic Entertainment. I have done with our performances forever, and I wish to be set free from every thing which might accidentally connect me with them in the future. The key of my box is inclosed in this letter.

"The other box, which contains my own dress-



"PRAY ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOUR ORDER FOR THE TEA, AND TO BRING IT WITH MY OWN PARCELS."

es, you will be kind enough to forward to this house. I do not ask you to bring it yourself, because I have a far more important commission to intrust to you.

"Referring to the note which you left for me at your departure, I conclude that you have by this time traced Mr. Noel Vanstone from Vauxhall Walk to the residence which he is now occupying. If you have made the discovery—and if you are quite sure of not having drawn the attention either of Mrs. Lecount or her master to yourself—I wish you to arrange immediately for my residing (with you and Mrs. Wragge) in the same town or village in which Mr. Noel Vanstone has taken up his abode. I write this, it is hardly necessary to say, under the impression that wherever he may now be living he is settled in the place for some little time.

"If you can find a small furnished house for me on these conditions, which is to be let by the month, take it for a month certain to begin with. Say that it is for your wife, your niece, and yourself, and use any assumed name you please, as long as it is a name which can be trusted to defeat the most suspicious inquiries. I leave this to your experience in such matters. The secret of who we really are must be kept as strictly as if it was a secret on which our lives depend.

"Any expenses to which you may be put in carrying out my wishes I will immediately repay. If you easily find the sort of house I want, there is no need for your returning to London to fetch us. We can join you as soon as we know where to go. The house must be perfectly respectable, and must be reasonably near to Mr. Noel Vanstone's present residence, wherever that is.

"You must allow me to be silent in this letter as to the object which I have now in view. I am unwilling to risk an explanation in writing. When all our preparations are made you shall hear what I propose to do from my own lips; and I shall expect you to tell me plainly in return whether you will, or will not, give me the help I want, on the best terms which I am able to offer you.

"One word more before I seal up this letter.

"If any opportunity falls in your way, after you have taken the house and before we join you, of exchanging a few civil words either with Mr. Noel Vanstone or Mrs. Lecount, take advantage of it. It is very important to my present object that we should become acquainted with each other—as the purely accidental result of our being near neighbors. I want you to smooth the way toward this end, if you can, before Mrs. Wragge and I come to you. Pray throw away no chance of observing Mrs. Lecount in particular very carefully. Whatever help you can give me at the outset in blindfolding that woman's sharp eyes will be the most precious help I have ever received at your hands.

"There is no need to answer this letter immediately—unless I have written it under a mistaken impression of what you have accomplished since leaving London. I have taken our lodgings on for another week, and I can wait to hear from you until you are able to send me such news as I wish to receive. You may be quite sure of my patience for the future, under all possible circumstances. My caprices are at an end, and my violent temper has tried your forbearance for the last time. MAGDALEN."

XII.

FROM CAPTAIN WRAGGE TO MAGDALEN.

"NORTH SHINGLES VILLA,
ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK, *July* 22.

"MY DEAR GIRL,—Your letter has charmed and touched me. Your excuses have gone straight to my heart, and your confidence in my humble abilities has followed in the same direction. The pulse of the old militiaman throbs with pride as he thinks of the trust you have placed in him, and vows to deserve it. Don't be surprised at this genial outburst. All enthusiastic natures must explode occasionally, and *my* form of explosion is—Words.

"Every thing you wanted me to do is done. The house is taken; the name is found; and I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Lecount. After reading this general statement you will naturally be interested in possessing your mind next of the accompanying details. Here they are, at your service.

"The day after leaving you in London I traced Mr. Noel Vanstone to this curious little sea-side snuggery. One of his father's innumerable bargains was a house at Aldborough—a rising watering-place, or Mr. Michael Vanstone would not have invested a farthing in it. In this house the despicable little miser, who lived rent-free in London, now lives rent-free again, on the coast of Suffolk. He is settled in his present abode for the summer and autumn; and you and Mrs. Wragge have only to join me here to be established five doors away from him in this elegant villa. I have got the whole house for three guineas a week, with the option of remaining through the autumn at the same price. In a fashionable watering-place such a residence would have been cheap at double the money.

"Our new name has been chosen with a wary eye to your suggestions. My Books—I hope you have not forgotten my Books?—contain, under the heading of *Skins to Jump Into*, a list of individuals retired from this mortal scene, with whose names, families, and circumstances I am well acquainted. Into some of those Skins I have been compelled to Jump, in the exercise of my profession, at former periods of my career. Others are still in the condition of new dresses, and remain to be tried on. The Skin which will exactly fit us originally clothed the bodies of a family named Bygrave. I am in Mr. Bygrave's skin at this moment—and it fits without a wrinkle. If you will oblige me by slipping into Miss Bygrave (Christian name, Susan); and if you will afterward push Mrs. Wragge—any how; head-foremost if you like—into Mrs. Bygrave (Christian name, Julia), the transformation will be complete. Permit me to inform you that I am your paternal uncle. My worthy brother was established, twenty years ago, in the mahogany and logwood trade at Belize, Honduras. He died in that place, and is buried in the southwest side of the local cemetery, with a neat monument of native wood carved by a self-taught negro artist. Nineteen months afterward his wife died of apoplexy at a boarding-house in Cheltenham. She was supposed to be the most corpulent woman in England, and was accommodated on the ground-floor of the house in consequence of the difficulty of getting her up and down stairs. You are her only child; you have been under my care since the sad event in Cheltenham; you are twenty years old on the second of August next; and, corpulence excepted, you are the living image of your mother. I trouble you with these specimens of my intimate knowledge of our new family Skin, to quiet your mind on the subject of future inquiries. Trust to me and my Books to satisfy any amount of inquiry. In the mean time write down our new name and address, and see how they strike you—'Mr. Bygrave, Mrs. Bygrave, Miss Bygrave, North Shingles Villa, Aldborough.' Upon my life, it reads remarkably well!

"The last detail I have to communicate refers to my acquaintance with Mrs. Lecount.

"We met yesterday, in the grocer's shop here. Keeping my ears open, I found that Mrs. Lecount wanted a particular kind of tea, which the man had not got, and which he believed could not be procured any nearer than Ipswich. I instantly saw my way to beginning an acquaintance, at the trifling expense of a journey to that flourishing city. 'I have business to-day in Ipswich,' I said, 'and I propose returning to Aldborough (if I can get back in time) this evening. Pray allow me to take your order for the tea, and to bring it back with my own parcels.' Mrs. Lecount politely declined giving me the trouble—I politely insisted on taking it. We fell into conversation. There is no need to trouble you with our talk. The result of it on my mind is—that Mrs. Lecount's one weak point, if she has such a thing at all, is a taste for science, implanted by her deceased husband, the Professor. I think I see a chance here of working my way into her good graces, and casting a little needful dust into those handsome black eyes of hers. Acting on this idea, when I purchased the lady's tea at Ipswich I also bought on my own account that far-famed pocket manual of knowledge, 'Joyce's Scientific Dialogues.' Possessing, as I do, a quick memory and boundless confidence in myself, I propose privately inflating my new skin with as much ready-made science as it will hold, and presenting Mr. Bygrave to Mrs. Lecount's notice in the character of the most highly informed man she has met with since the Professor's death. The necessity of blindfolding that woman (to use your own admirable expression) is as clear to me as to you. If it is to be done in the way I propose, make your mind easy—Wragge, inflated by Joyce, is the man to do it.

"You now have my whole budget of news. Am I, or am I not, worthy of your confidence in me? I say nothing of my devouring anxiety to know what your objects really are—that anxiety will be satisfied when we meet. Never yet, my dear girl, did I long to administer a productive pecuniary Squeeze to any human creature as I long to administer it to Mr. Noel Vanstone. I say no more. *Verbum sap.* Pardon the pedantry of a Latin quotation, and believe me,

"Entirely yours,
"HORATIO WRAGGE.

"P.S.—I await my instructions, as you requested. You have only to say whether I shall return to London for the purpose of escorting you to this place, or whether I shall wait here to receive you. The house is in perfect order—the weather is charming—and the sea is as smooth as Mrs. Lecount's apron. She has just passed the window, and we have exchanged bows. A sharp woman, my dear Magdalen, but Joyce and I together may prove a trifle too much for her."

XIII.

[Extract from the East Suffolk Argus.]

"ALDBOROUGH.—We notice with pleasure the arrival of visitors to this healthful and far-famed watering-place earlier in the season than usual during the present year. *Esto perpetua* is all we have to say.

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